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WE ARE NOT ONE BIT IMPRESSED with the Attorney-General's obviously made-to-order indictment of the men in the bonus army, by which he undertakes to prove that 1,069 had more or less serious police records. This investigation was started *after the dispersal of the army,* when the men were scattered. And if there were that number of rapists, burglars, embezzlers, and violators of the narcotic law, why were these facts not known *prior* to the dispersal of the army? What were the Washington police and the government doing to allow these men to stay there as long as they did? Ordinarily the police do not permit 1,069 disreputable characters to come together within the confines of a municipality and stay there for weeks and weeks. And why, if this was known *before* the eviction of the army, were the facts not given out at once? Why did Mr. Hoover first tell us that the men had to be evicted from wrecks of buildings because new construction was to go up, when no new construction has been started or is to be started? We hope the reply of General Pelham D. Glassford, which is being prepared as we go to press, will cover these points. We have seen too much framing of the innocent by the Department of Justice since 1917 to accept any such ex parte statement at the order of a President seeking reelection, who is frightened to death because the American Legion conventions have one after another criticized or denounced him and Secretary Hurley for their indefensible handling of the bonus-army difficulty. Curiously, the Attorney-General reported just before the Legion's national convention.

PRESIDENT HOOVER might as well begin to pack his trunks if it is true that "as Maine goes, so goes the nation." The vote there on September 12 is a disaster for Republican hopes, whether the Democrats finally carry the State and two of the three Congress seats or not—the issue is not quite settled as we write. To reduce the Hoover majority of 98,744 to the vanishing point is victory enough for the Democrats. If they have really carried the State the indications are clear that the voters of this country have made up their minds to turn the faithless and incompetent officials out of office and to give the Democrats not only the Presidency but the Congress as well. This is the answer to Secretary Mills's appeal on the eve of election not to turn the government over to Roosevelt the kindergartner! Beyond doubt the apologists for the Hoover Administration will point out that a normal Maine Republican majority is 15,000 or 20,000 and that therefore the showing is not so very bad. But it is in line with every straw ballot which has been taken; it is in line, moreover, with the historic precedents that whoever is in power during a panic shall pay with his political head whether he be responsible or not. In this case Mr. Hoover has so clearly shown his ineptitude and inefficiency, his complete failure to rise to the crisis, his crass and cruel indifference to the sufferings of the individual that any other result in Maine would have reflected upon the intelligence of the electorate. The Democrats may well feel heartened—if not the advocates of real progress.

OUR READERS WILL REMEMBER the terrific fight in the early part of this year to have Congress balance the budget. They will recall the immense satisfaction that swept through the country when Congress finally "balanced" it. The newspaper editorial writers, the chambers of commerce, nearly all the Congressmen themselves, and President Hoover, all heaved a mighty sigh of relief. Unfortunately, the daily Treasury figures have not cooperated in the general rejoicing. The statement of August 31, covering the first forty days in which the rates under the new revenue act have been in effect, showed revenue collections so far of $185,000,000 compared with $230,000,000 in the same period last year, and expenditures of $585,000,000 compared with $627,000,000 last year. The deficit so far this year, therefore, is $400,000,000 compared with $396,000,000 last year. But we must believe the President rather than our eyes. In his speech of August 26 he listed "the balancing of the budget" as one of the great achievements that enabled us—note the past tense—to "overcome the major financial crisis."

THE FEDERAL FARM BOARD has another new policy. It still holds 3,000,000 of the 250,000,000 bushels of wheat that it held last July. This remainder seems comparatively negligible; nevertheless the Farm Board

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is quite worried about it, and now announces that it will not sell any of its remaining wheat before January, 1933. By an interesting coincidence this will keep the wheat off the market at least until after election day, so that no incipient boom which might possibly help Republican chances will be discouraged. A similar policy is announced in regard to cotton. On May 2 the Farm Board stated that it would sell 650,000 bales of its cotton during the twelve months beginning August 1. Now, four months later, it announces that it has sold more than 300,000 of those bales, but that it will not sell any more before next July. It has obtained a loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation which will enable it to hold the rest of its cotton off the market. Thus we still have not seen the end of the gigantic gamble in which hundreds of millions of dollars of taxpayers' money has been thrown away in a futile effort to peg the prices of agricultural products. The farmer has not only received no help from all this expenditure, but has actually been harmed by it; for the two organizations—named, with glaring irony, the Cotton Stabilization Corporation and the Grain Stabilization Corporation—by buying at the top and selling at the bottom, have performed exactly the opposite function from the one for which they were designed.

THE DEEP AND ANCIENT POVERTY of the Spanish peasant bids fair to be alleviated by the drastic agrarian reforms which have just been approved by the predominantly Socialist Cortes. The new law provides for the expropriation, with very limited indemnity, of all estates owned by the nobility or by the former king; and the breaking up and distribution of these estates particularly among poor and large families. Settlers on the divided lands, comprising nearly 52,000,000 acres, will be subsidized during the period of development. It is expressly stipulated that proprietors affected must begin registration of their land within thirty days on penalty of a fine. According to the Associated Press, "cooperative associations for cultivation, machinery, marketing, and other operations are provided, and it will be optional whether land is cultivated in communities or individually." At the same session at which the land reforms were voted, Catalonia was granted autonomy in matters of language, education, police protection, and social organization, while questions of foreign relations, and of naval and military protection were left to the national government—an intelligent disposition of the Catalonian question which has agitated Spain immemorially. And while we are recording the achievements of the Cortes we should like to include its approval on September 6 of penal reforms designed to abolish the death penalty.

NEW YORK CITY has opened a new and much-needed subway. What makes this news so interesting is that this particular subway is municipally built; what is much worse, it is municipally operated; yet the heavens have not fallen, nor has Herbert Hoover sent a telegram to Mayor McKee protesting in the name of his own beloved and outraged rugged individualism. Not even in Wall Street were there any protests. Yet when the first subway was opened in 1904 there was general rejoicing that, if it was in part built by the use of city funds, that impossible and horrid municipal ownership and operation had been successfully avoided. Here, today, is government once more usurping a great opportunity for private capital, getting in the way of private initiative and enterprise, again invading a field that properly belongs to our capitalist leaders, upon whom, as we all know, depends the prosperity and future development of the United States. It is a direct flouting of that noble doctrine of Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge—"More business in government and less government in business"—yet there have been no screams of pain from those who so vigorously applauded this truly American sentiment. The truth is, first, that the world has moved so fast that no one is really outraged by municipal operation; and second, that the existing private lines in New York City are so nearly bankrupt (the Interborough Rapid Transit is in the hands of receivers), that rugged individualism and private initiative in New York have now no thought but to unload the whole business upon the city. It is only a question of a few years before there will be one unified rapid transit system in New York, owned and operated by the people of the metropolis.

"LAWYERS WHO DEFEND THE RIGHTS of political minorities have no place on the teaching staff of Southwestern University," said Dean Rollin McNitt of the law school of that institution in defending the forcing of Leo Gallagher, a brilliant and successful teacher on his staff, to take a long leave of absence which foreshadows his dismissal. These words the dean subsequently denied, but the paper which printed them refused to retract. The president of this remarkable Los Angeles university, one J. J. Schumacher, dissented. "McNitt," said he, "doesn't know what he is talking about; he is impetuous and says things without any authority. *I* am president of this school." He then went on to add that "Mr. Gallagher is probably the most learned and most popular man on the staff"; that he would "trust my entire personal welfare [to him] without the slightest hesitation." But this noble president agreed that Mr. Gallagher would not be asked to return to the position which he has held for the last ten years until he has "vindicated himself with the legal profession, which objects to his vigorous defense of so-called radicals." Finally, the president said: "I don't know how we are going to explain his absence to our students this fall when they fail to find his name on the curriculum," as at least 90 per cent of the six hundred students have already protested against Mr. Gallagher's rumored dismissal. We confess that we are stumped. We do not know which is the most contemptible, the impetuous, loose-tongued dean, or the president, who is too cowardly to defend the sacred right of academic freedom, or that section of the Los Angeles legal profession which would deny to men avowing unpopular faiths the right to a proper defense in the courts.

MAYOR JOSEPH V. McKEE, when he was visited by 5,000 Communists at City Hall, met their representatives with a politeness and suavity to which Communists are not accustomed. It was an intelligent move on the part of the man who wishes to succeed Jimmy Walker permanently. But on examining the evidence we cannot agree that Mayor McKee won as complete a victory in the argument over relief as the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* made out. After an attempt to force Carl Winter, the Communist spokesman, into an irrelevant declaration in favor of

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direct action on the part of the unemployed if adequate relief is not forthcoming, Mayor McKee with all his suavity was not able to avoid admitting that the Mayor's office does not know, even approximately, after three years of depression, how many people are in need of help in New York City. If it is pointed out that he has only just taken over the office, the reply might be that even as president of the Board of Aldermen he might have interested himself in that burning question. Moreover, when Mr. Winter pressed questions on the city's intentions with regard to relief Mr. McKee replied with more petulance than relevance, "I'm not here to be heckled by you." The Communists, as usual, stated their case and their demands in exaggerated and unrealistic terms. Yet it seems to us that Mr. Winter was not unjustified in holding that it was up to the city government to find means for relief. And as for his contention that no city official outside the civil service is worth more than $3,500 a year, it is difficult to refrain from pointing out that with regard to a few of them, at least, he was indulging in a little politeness himself.

THE DEATH OF SIR GILBERT PARKER is another reminder of the transitoriness of most literary fame. Sir Gilbert, who was born in Canada sixty-nine years ago, was the author of some thirty volumes of prose and verse, and his best-known novel, "The Seats of the Mighty," was a nine days' wonder which sold over a hundred thousand copies. Many of his other books were also extremely popular, but it is doubtful if any of them are now often read by either students or casual readers. His stories were reputed to be conspicuously "healthy" in tone but we like to think that his relative eclipse is due in part to a change in the public attitude toward certain of the ideas which both his fiction and his other writings attempted to popularize. Sir Gilbert was an imperialist of the old romantic school, and during the war he was very active in the dubious business of propaganda. Certain of the obituaries published in the daily press mention that fact as his chief claim to grateful remembrance. To us it seems a more than doubtful one at best.

# Bonds That Bind Haiti

NEWSPAPER headlines generally announce, as did the New York *Times*, Haitian Treaty to End Intervention in 1934; the Republican press editorializes fulsomely on Mr. Hoover's achievement. But the facts about the supposedly imminent "ending of the Occupation" are at variance with the impression derived from the daily press.

It is true that following the recommendations of the Forbes Commission, the marines are being withdrawn, and various of the so-called "treaty services"—education, hygiene, public works—have been turned over to Haitians. But the really important part of the American control—the financial—endures. It is, under the terms of the proposed treaty, to continue, not merely, as provided in the 1915 treaty imposed "by military pressure," until 1936, but until interest and principal of Haitian bonds are paid in full. The new treaty provides for complete control of Haitian finances, customs, and internal revenue, by Americans—control which is now indefinitely prolonged and for the first time apparently accepted by the Haitians themselves. Americans will hold the purse-strings. They will remain the real rulers of Haiti. The major part of the text of the new treaty, which occupies three and a half columns of newspaper type, is devoted to specifying the many things which the Haitians must not do. They are free to swim but they may not go near the water!

The objectionable character of this new treaty stands out only when viewed in the light of history. It should not be unfamiliar to *Nation* readers that the essential motive behind the assault on Haiti was economic. Intrigues had been in progress with the State Department for years preceding the naval intervention—ever since the entry of the National City Bank into Haitian affairs and the securing of the notorious McDonald railroad concession. To recover the full face value of their worthless securities was the concessionaires' objective. To the imposition of the loan on Haiti, the other illegal and violent acts—seizure of the Haitian custom houses and funds, the imposition of a treaty and a constitution concocted in our Navy or State Departments, the imposition of a protocol compelling Haiti to settle all "claims" against her—were but preliminary. The $16,000,000 National City Bank loan of 1922, imposed over the protest of every articulate Haitian, carried the extraordinary and unprecedented provision that the United States should retain control in Haiti during the life of the loan. It was treaty-making without "the advice and consent of the Senate." The loan secured, the railroad bondholders' claims were adjusted favorably to them in wholly ex parte proceedings: they received the new government bonds, guaranteed by Uncle Sam, for their defaulted railroad securities! The new treaty further protects the National City Bank loan, although Secretary Stimson denied, in a letter to Senator Smoot on February 15 of this year, that the American Government has guaranteed this loan in any way whatsoever.

In view of the dominating element of force and chicanery which has characterized United States dealings with Haiti, equity and common decency required, and still require, abrogation of all previous pacts, and, if the Haitians desire, the free negotiation of an entirely new arrangement. It is highly ironical that when so large a proportion of financial commitments throughout the world are undergoing revision, when fixed charges are being scaled down, when moratoria are the order of the day, when debts are being "funded"—to use the financial euphemism—when virtually every independent Latin American country has defaulted on its obligations, the poverty-stricken Haitians are forced to continue to pay one hundred cents on the dollar on a debt which conferred virtually no material benefit on them. The whole transaction was fraud in legalized form. Under the appearance of virtue, kindliness, and amity, this fraud is to be perpetuated. If the Haitians accept the treaty it is only because their bitter experience leads them to the hope and belief that they may be able to buy their freedom within the next ten years, and that it is worth the price. Without minimizing the credit devolving on Mr. Hoover for doing what neither of his Republican predecessors did—namely, withdrawing from Haiti—it is important to note that the imperialist cycle is to be completed as originally scheduled by the interested financiers and their responsive servants in the Capitol.

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# Jimmy Walker—and After

AS we write, it is not clear whether Tammany will take the risk of giving ex-Mayor Walker the chance to be "vindicated" at the polls in November or not. Every day that the Tammany boss hesitates weakens Mr. Walker. If you are going to come to the rescue of a "martyr" to "dirty politics," you must strike while the iron is hot and public sentiment aroused. Unfortunately the memory of the American people in such matters is notoriously brief; particularly now, when so many people are struggling for a livelihood, will it be difficult to keep poor Jimmy Walker's wrongs before the public. More than that, his successor, Mayor McKee, has been dealing some terrific blows to the genial Jimmy by the way he is conducting the Mayor's office. Thus, he has discarded the $18,000 automobile which alone was good enough to transport Jimmy (most millionaires, we believe, are content with $5,000 or $6,000 cars), and continues to ride in the subway to and from his work. Again, he is on the job every day. He has actually cut $15,000 a year from his own salary, and has made savings in other directions to aggregate $2,000,000. He has already called one meeting to put an end to a duplication of effort by several departments, and he bids fair really to put his high office on a business basis. That is such good politics that already Mr. McKee's own stock is booming, even though he has been heretofore little better than the conventional conforming office-holder.

As for the Tammany opposition, there is the usual talk about uniting on some good Democrat, preferably Alfred E. Smith at the coming election—providing the court action on behalf of Mr. McKee to prevent such an election is not successful. That Mr. Smith will run we do not believe. Mr. Seabury has declined, and quite rightly, to be a candidate. The list of other distinguished Democrats that could be drafted in this emergency is pitifully small. More than that, the fact that the mayoralty election will coincide with the Presidential election will make it almost impossible to focus the city's attention upon local issues. Altogether, therefore, the possibility of turning Tammany out upon the basis of the revelations of the Seabury investigation is very slight.

But even if this were not the case, we ourselves should be very dubious of the lasting value of any sudden victory over Tammany by some good man swept into office, as has happened several times before, because of an outburst of popular indignation. When such a mayor gets in he is immediately hampered by the variegated character of his own following, and especially by the Republican organization, which is not one whit better than the Tammany crowd, and is always ready and eager to share plums with them. After a brief rule such a mayor goes out of office and Tammany comes in again triumphant. That is not the way to bring about permanent reform. The only hope of really rescuing the government of the greatest city in America, as well as most of the other governments in the land, is by radical changes in the procedure of elections and in the composition of city governments. By this we do not mean that the democratic idea should be abandoned. We do mean that there are devices to be resorted to such as the city manager—who in some cases, as in Cincinnati, performs most useful functions by the side of the elected mayor. There is the possibility of extending the civil service to cover every possible office, even the technical ones of the present mayoralty cabinets. Then there is the remedy of proportional representation. For years the political minorities in the City of New York have been represented by only one member of the Board of Aldermen, although the Republicans polled 367,675 votes in the last mayoralty campaign and the Socialists 175,697. That single representative, in this case an entirely worthy one, has been unable to block or adequately to expose some of the pilfering or mistaken ordinances which have been jammed through the board. The idea that so great a body of voters should not have a representation proportionate to the number of votes it casts is ridiculous. An efficient and critical minority in the city legislature would be of enormous benefit.

The main objective, of course, is a reorganization of the government by which it will be made impossible for the sheriff, for example, to bank $360,660 in six and one-quarter years, during which time his salary ranged from $6,500 to $15,000; and put it beyond the powers of the registrar to bank $547,000 above his salary, also in a period of six years, while the chief clerk of the city was enriched by $135,061. A good deal of this was undoubtedly legalized graft. As long as the opportunity is there thus to mulct the taxpayer, through fees, et cetera, it will be used both by Republicans and Democrats.

Last January we made an appeal to Mr. Seabury not to wind up his labors without making definite and concrete recommendations for a complete making over of the city government if only for the reason that, as long as the present system endured, city government in America is disgraced by what goes on in the metropolis. In Cincinnati, the city manager, C. E. Dykstra, has taken politics out of the police system and many other departments, with the result that graft has about disappeared, and crime steadily decreases. Is there any reason why the City of New York cannot do the same?

We believe that it can be accomplished despite the fact that one must appeal to the same electorate which elected Jimmy Walker for authority to alter the governmental system and to change the charter. We may be wrong, but we cannot believe that the City of New York is indefinitely condemned to present conditions until, perhaps, the Socialist Party becomes strong enough to take over the government and basically alter it. But even if we are wrong, there lies the objective, the modernizing of the government in a way to make possible sound business management and to concentrate responsibility as never before, the giving to the minority of full and free opportunity to be heard and to make its influence felt. It is to the credit of the leaders of the Socialist Party in New York that they have seen this and are working to this end. They have clearly recognized that not even if Norman Thomas were elected mayor could there be a wholly satisfactory government of the city.

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# How Real is the "Recovery"?

WITH so many more people becoming so much more confident every day that the economic crisis has at last been surmounted, and the famous "corner" finally turned, it may be well to glance at exactly what changes have taken place in the last two months. By far the most remarkable change has been in the tone of the security markets. The average price of fifty representative stocks, as compiled by the New York *Times,* rose from 33.98 on July 8 to 72.38 on September 8. Here is an advance in two months of 113 per cent, probably the greatest advance in such a period, in terms, certainly, of percentages, in the history of the Stock Exchange. There was no such percentage advance even in the whole period from 1921 to 1925. The recovery of railroad stocks, taken alone, has been even more striking. From an average price of 10.34 on July 8, they had risen by September 8 to 33.48, or 224 per cent. Even the prices of forty representative bonds have advanced since the beginning of June by nearly 40 per cent.

So remarkable a rise cannot be dismissed as unimportant. The New York Stock Exchange has calculated that the increase in the market price of all the shares listed there in July and August amounted to more than $12,000,000,000. If one adds to this the increase in bond values, and in values of securities listed on all other American exchanges, the total increase in potential purchasing power becomes impressive. Of even more importance has been the psychological effect of this advance. The trustworthiness of the stock market as a barometer of general conditions has been brought into serious doubt in the last decade, but the present rise has meant a widespread better feeling.

To what extent has this better feeling translated itself into actual improvement in agriculture and industry? There have been advances in wheat, cotton, hogs, and other agricultural products, in some instances only slightly less remarkable than the advance in stocks. But in discussing these price advances it is important to remember the point from which the advance has been made, not to speak of the point from which the original decline took place. Thus, even the stock-market rise, sensational in some respects as it has been, represents the recovery only of the losses suffered since the beginning of the present year. Thus, if we again take as our measuring rod the *Times's* average figures, on July 8 of this year stocks had lost 90 per cent of their quoted value in September, 1929, and even after their present recovery they still show a loss of nearly 80 per cent of that fantastic value.

When we turn from price considerations to the actual physical volume of trade, and to the crucial question of employment, the present "recovery" has been negligible—indeed, almost infinitesimal. A good rough index is that compiled weekly by the New York *Times.* It is an average of five items—freight-car loadings, steel-mill activity, electric power, automobile, and carded cotton-cloth production—and it is adjusted to allow for seasonal variations and "long-time trends." This index steadily declined during July and early August, and in the week ended August 13 showed business activity at 52.2 per cent of "normal," the lowest point on record. The figure for the week ended September 3 still showed business activity at only 53.3 per cent of normal. The latest official employment figures at this writing are still those for July, which of course show unemployment at the highest point ever recorded in this country—45 per cent of the entire body of factory workers, as that body existed in 1926. It is by no means certain that even a slightly better figure will be shown for August. The price of United States Steel common has doubled since its low point in July, but the activity of its mills has not increased. In the week ended September 5, steel-ingot production, according to the estimates of the *Wall Street Journal,* was at the appallingly low point of 12 per cent of capacity, compared with 13 per cent in the preceding week, and 86 per cent of theoretic capacity in the corresponding week of 1929.

Mr. Hoover and his satellites are working on the assumption that if a tiny improvement in business can be demonstrated, the steady continuance of that improvement, until "normality" is reached once more, may be taken for granted. Such an inference, of course, would have not the slightest justification. Since the depression began, there has been only one real improvement in the world political situation. That occurred with the drastic reduction at Lausanne of the Allied demands on Germany for reparations, and even that reduction was conditional on action by the United States which the United States has so far shown not the slightest evidence of taking. Mr. Hoover is still hoping to get along without correcting a single one of the world maladjustments, or a single one of the domestic maladjustments, responsible for the crisis. With such a policy, no genuine and lasting recovery is possible.

# Orchestras and Public

FOR fourteen years an experiment has been in progress in New York City to determine the popular appeal of fine orchestral music. The experiment has been so successful as to warrant the attention of music lovers everywhere, for it is an affirmative demonstration, more convincing every year, of the power of good music, well-performed, to draw an audience. Moreover, the immediate setting has been an art museum and not a concert hall, and the experiment has been carried on during years which have seen the enormous growth of radio broadcasting of both good and bad music.

The concerts are given annually at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City. They are eight in number, and they are free. In 1919, 39,000 persons attended; in 1932, the audiences totaled more than 76,000 persons, who stood wedged closely together in the great hall of the building, or huddled together on the shallow stairs, enduring actual discomfort. Of these thousands only a few are drawn from the customary New York audiences. The rest are music lovers who are barred from most concerts by box-office prices, who await only the opportunity to hear fine orchestral music. Every segment of New York's kaleidoscopic pattern of nationalities is represented.

Does all this mean merely that the crowd is drawn together by the opportunity to get something for nothing? As to this, we have the word of the conductor, that public-

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spirited artist, David Mannes. "The comment has often been made," he says, in speaking of the size of the audiences, "that any free attraction will draw a large crowd. Yet it seems to me that the people who come to the museum concerts give more for the privilege of hearing music than do the audiences of our large concert halls and our opera house. Some of them come at four or five o'clock in the afternoon or send their children to hold places on the wooden benches, camp chairs, or staircase. Those who arrive later in the day stand or sit on the floor, so encumbered with hats and coats and so tightly crowded together that even applauding is often a physical impossibility. I have seen a young mother and father bring their baby in a clothes-basket, place the basket in a corner on the floor, and stand beside it throughout the concert. A day laborer from Paterson, New Jersey, once told me that he has never missed a concert, despite the distance he must travel to and from his home."

Inasmuch as advertising of the concerts is limited almost entirely to placards on the Fifth Avenue buses, the enormous growth of the audience can be attributed only to that surest of all popularizing media—word-of-mouth recommendation. The concerts are, in a sense, an outgrowth of the war. In February, 1918, the trustees of the museum invited soldiers and sailors to the building for several hours of quiet recreation and to hear an orchestra directed by Mr. Mannes. He knew from the experiments of an English friend, who had supplied records to the boys in the trenches, that they preferred the lighter classical music to ragtime and jazz. His programs, therefore, were composed of short, dramatic episodes from the works of Wagner, Brahms, Handel, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Grieg,—all good music, yet nothing heavy or long enough to make listening an effort.

The success of the 1918 concerts prompted the museum trustees to arrange for a series for the following year—four concerts on Saturday evenings in January and four in March, all to be open to the public and entirely free of charge. Throughout the succeeding years this schedule has been made possible and maintained by the generosity of individual donors such as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Clarence H. Mackay, among the museum's trustees, and by a gift from the Juilliard Foundation. As the concerts have become less an experiment and more an established custom, marked changes have occurred in the program. The trend has been away from the light dramatic episodes to programs of great harmonic richness and subtlety. At the early concerts the audience moved about quietly while the orchestra played. In 1932, seventy-six thousand persons stood still and listened with undivided attention to complete symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms. The present audiences are not only willing to give whole-hearted attention to the performance of the music, but are eager to be taught something about it beforehand. Descriptive lectures upon each program, which are given by Thomas Whitney Surette, before each concert, are very well attended.

The audience is self-governed. The listeners will not permit noise or unnecessary movement. Those who happen to come late unquestioningly accept the less favorable places. They have come to hear the music, not to see or be seen. Plainly these concerts, successful though they are, are not the final answer to the problem of providing good music for all who want to hear it, but have not the means. But they are a tremendous stride in the right direction.

# Unto Caesar

BISHOP MANNING is not the only priest of the Episcopal Church who knows how to discover sound theological reasons for keeping religion comfortably on the side of those who can pay for stained glass and lawn sleeves. He has, we have just discovered, an able ally in the Reverend Harrison Rockwell of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City, who has recently protested against the Labor Sunday message sent out by the Federal Council of Churches, and discovers that to denounce an economic order "which has reduced thousands to poverty and attendant suffering" is to prepare a document not to be signed by "the sacred name" of Christ.

Mere laymen like ourselves had always supposed that the New Testament differed from the Old in its greater concern with suffering humanity. Jesus, we thought, was conspicuously novel in his emphasis upon the guilt of the rich and in his scorn for those who thought they could serve God while allowing their brothers to starve at their door. But the Reverend Mr. Rockwell sets us right. It was the prophets of the *Old* Testament who, according to the report of his sermon provided by the *Herald Tribune,* indulged in "severe denunciation of the rich and powerful who oppressed the poor." "There is," on the other hand, "a vastly different tone in the New Testament records," and "the sayings of Christ are notably silent as to the denunciation of wealth and power wrongly used." The church, he concludes therefore, should "speak out"—but only in regard to men's souls, for "when it gets off that one great subject and offers opinions on politics, economics, and other matters really beyond its province, the church's influence is weakened."

We are, of course, far from suggesting that the Reverend Mr. Rockwell is in any degree influenced by the convenience of this doctrine. It is certainly one likely to make the pews of his church more comfortable for a considerable number of his congregation to whom talk about souls is more soothing than talk about more material things. But that is, of course, merely a happy accident, and the priest in question doubtless deeply regrets the fact that he can find no satisfactory scriptural authority for the more immediately relevant things he would like to say. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" is there in black and white.

Merely as a layman, we would, however, like humbly to suggest that neither that nor certain other related texts need to be interpreted exactly as they usually are. Christ was not talking to Caesar, and it is not certain that he would have used the same words if, by any chance, he had been talking to the rich rather than to the poor. Saint Paul said, "Slaves, obey your masters," but he did not say, "Masters, command your slaves," and the one does not imply the other. If Christ had happened, like certain priests of today, to have an audience composed of rich men and masters instead of poor men and slaves, would he have chosen the texts so popular in the best churches, or would he, perhaps, have chosen something like "Sell all your goods and give to the poor," or even "It is easier for a camel . . ."? In any event, we wish that the Reverend Mr. Rockwell would ponder this possibility before he declares too positively what sort of document his Master would or would not sign today.

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# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

## The Bipartisan Hypocrisy of Politicians*

COMMEND me the ways of politicians! Especially of the American breed. I really doubt whether ours can be surpassed anywhere else in the world for deceit and hypocrisy. Thirty-five years of writing on political events in this country have about forced me to the conclusion that to these qualities of the political animal we owe a major part of our troubles. I am moved to express this opinion just now by the article of Calvin Coolidge in the *Saturday Evening Post* praising Herbert Hoover. There is no greater hardship upon an honest journalist than keeping faith with people who tell you things—when you could render a public service by letting those facts be known. When I read excerpts from that Coolidge article my mind flashed back to a confidence given to me last spring in which I was told exactly what Calvin Coolidge thought of Herbert Hoover, and had just said to a distinguished Republican. But, of course, party loyalty would have compelled that article even if there had not been a big check from Mr. Lorimer in the offing which the irrepressible Will Rogers says covers "the biggest paid advertisement (in favor of any purely commercial product) since Amos and Andy sold themselves down the river to toothpaste." As it is, I do not believe that Mr. Coolidge will be heard from again—unless somebody offers him another big check before election. The Coolidge article will undoubtedly help Mr. Hoover with the unthinking who read it. They will not remember when they peruse it, for example, that this Calvin Coolidge, who asserts that as far back as 1928 he was bewailing the orgy of speculation, is the same Calvin Coolidge who on January 6, 1928, boosted the stock market with the most disgraceful statement ever issued from the White House which was reported as follows:

> Commenting on the fact that loans to brokers and dealers made by Federal Reserve banks in New York had reached the unprecedented height of $3,810,023,000, "the President, it was said at the White House **today, believes** that the increase represents a natural expansion of business in the securities market, and sees nothing unfavorable in it."

* * * * *

BUT if Calvin, to his own pecuniary profit, has helped Mr. Hoover, what are we to think of that eminent stateman from New Hampshire, George H. Moses, chairman of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee? Mr. Hoover must have writhed, indeed, when he read George Moses's bold and confident assertion that there was going to be "a hard fight" and that Mr. Hoover would win with a majority of only twenty-two votes in the Electoral College. This was a stab in the back quite characteristic of Mr. Moses, for from time immemorial it has been the duty of campaign managers of both parties to claim a majority of at least one hundred; anything less than fifty votes is a confession of defeat. But that wasn't all of Mr. Moses's performance. A few days later he went on the stump and showed the paucity of Republican ideas by devoting himself to commiserating with Alfred E. Smith for the shameful way he has been treated by Franklin D. Roosevelt. Talk about crocodile tears! Did anyone ever shed more obvious ones? The truth is that there is hardly a single one of the Republican politicians who are now praising Mr. Hoover on the stump who does not cordially dislike or hate the man in the White House.

* * * * *

STILL, Mr. Hoover is not the only one who may well pray to be saved from his friends. To have Bernard Baruch praising Franklin D. Roosevelt as safe and sound and entirely to be trusted by Wall Street men like himself, is certainly hard luck for the Democratic candidate. If a few more magnates like Mr. Baruch certify to his soundness, the Middle West will begin to see that Mr. Roosevelt is not the great reformer, or radical, that he has been sedulously cracked up to be. But even if he were a reformer, what could he accomplish at Washington as long as the party behind him is what it is? It is half imperialist, half Hamiltonian, half Jeffersonian, half militarist, half protectionist, and 90 per cent as selfishly devoted to local advantage as are the Republicans. This is possibly one reason why Mr. Roosevelt is still keeping us in ignorance of where he stands on a lot of subjects. Where does he stand on the debts and reparations? Where does he stand on disarmament? Is he in favor of bringing any pressure to bear on Germany if it proceeds to disregard the Versailles Treaty and to arm? Does he, or does he not, think that that treaty, of which Mr. Wilson was a coauthor, put upon us a moral obligation to disarm at once? Does he favor prompt revision of the tariff?

* * * * *

IF the Republicans really want campaign material the list of speakers issued by the Democratic National Committee surely gives it to them. What a list of has-beens and broken-down politicians! Poor old Josephus Daniels, dragged out of his North Carolina obscurity; Carter Glass, Jim Reed, Governor Harry Moore of New Jersey, and Gene Tunney and not one of the liberal Democrats now in Congress! The list shows how thoroughly the Democratic Party has run down since Wilson's day, how it has failed to produce a single outstanding leader. That is not at all surprising, since the party has no principles and no program. The pot in this case stands exactly where the kettle does. I repeat what I have said before, that only the Socialist Party has a program, and its candidate, Norman Thomas, is just about the only sincere and politically honest, and unselfish and outspoken political leader on the horizon.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

* The third of a series of weekly comments on the election which will appear during the campaign.

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# A Week in a Soviet Factory

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, August 17*

DURING the last ten years, I have visited a large number of Soviet industrial enterprises. You meet the director. You question him for an hour. He leads you through the works for two, three, or four hours. Then a final little interview—and farewell. This usual kind of hasty survey gives one a good deal. But it obviously allows no time for serious investigation. I therefore seized avidly upon an invitation to spend a week at the Red Putilov plant in Leningrad, one of the largest in the country. It employs 34,000 men. It presents in miniature all the problems of Soviet industry, and all the drawbacks and advantages of the Bolshevik factory.

Red Putilov has a treasure which is rare in the Soviet Union: a cadre of trained mechanics. "Why should Leningrad be an industrial city?" I asked Otz, the director of Putilov's. Leningrad has no minerals and no coal or oil of its own. Why should tractors be made at Putilov's when the iron has to be brought from the Urals and the Ukraine, the fuel from places several thousand miles away, and when the product has to be shipped several thousand more miles, back to the Volga, Siberia, and the Ukraine. The answer is simple: "Leningrad has a skilled proletariat."

The shortage of trained mechanics will plague Soviet industry for some time. Just now, millions of peasants, women, and youths are operating expensive complicated machines, and operating them badly. Foreigners often ask why Soviet tractors break down in such large numbers, and content themselves with the easy deduction that the quality of the tractors is deficient. This, however, is a very secondary reason. The tractors are spoiled by inexperienced, quickly taught drivers. The same difficulty exists in every branch of Soviet endeavor. "We have no people," is the most frequent complaint of the Russian office and factory manager. It is much more important, therefore, to locate a manufacturing process where you can find men than where you have metal and fuel.

In view of its skilled working force, the Putilov factory is the laboratory, so to speak, of Soviet metallurgy. When the Bolsheviks first decided to produce tractors, they gave the task to Putilov's. After it had mastered their manufacture, newer plants—Stalingrad, Kharkov, and Cheliabinsk—took over the work, and Putilov's was relieved, only to be faced with other pioneering assignments. Putilov's was the first Soviet plant to make large steam turbines, and now it is planning to turn out an eight-cylinder automobile. Why the U. S. S. R. needs such a car is a mystery to me, and no one in Leningrad could give me a satisfactory explanation. Russia can get along on Fords for a few years. In case of war, of course, the Bolsheviks would be able to use a few thousand good staff machines and a better motor for big tanks. But no anti-Soviet war is imminent. Stalin's fear of foreign invasion in March, 1930, during the disturbances arising out of mismanaged collectivization, reflects the truism that a capitalist state would today venture to attack Russia only if her internal situation became unsatisfactory. That situation will be better served if the millions of dollars that must be spent in America to reequip Putilov's for the eight-cylinder car were applied to other branches which yield goods for popular consumption. Moreover, the manufacture of an eight-cylinder automobile will force Putilov's to stop the production of a very useful and simple rubber-tire hauling tractor possessing greater efficiency than a motor truck—a tractor which gives excellent service on city streets and would be a boon to the over-burdened Soviet transport system. Yet because some one has a freak notion that the country requires a more powerful automobile, the tractor foundry will be closed for eight months and remodeled for a new experiment.

Putilov's likewise produces gold dredges weighing 900 tons and costing about 1,200,000 rubles each, trolleys, combine motors, cotton presses, fifteen-ton railroad cranes, and a host of other items. It is, in fact, an industrial "department store." If the government wants a machine which no other plant can make, Putilov's gets the order. In the midst, therefore, of a planned economy, Putilov's is the worst-planned economic unit imaginable. Much of its machinery stands idle a large part of the time, and the workers, who are paid at piece-rates, suffer. They occasionally complain violently. They protest, too, because their food supply is inadequate. If anybody thinks the Soviet worker is docile he ought to visit Putilov's where the men have not hesitated to strike in order to obtain redress of their grievances.

Yet I have never encountered a more enthusiastic and devoted body of Soviet workers. Despite the shortage of food, clothing, and apartments (the factory has built far too few homes for its men) they remain staunch supporters of the government. The spirit of the Soviet proletariat, and of the majority of the population for that matter, is "dialectic"—to use a word the Russians love (and frequently misuse); it consists of thesis and antithesis. On the one hand, the workers at Putilov's grumble. It is no joke to work for seven hours in a hot dusty foundry on a sizzling summer day, and then wait in a queue in the sun for an hour to buy a box of bad cigarettes. No worker pardons the authorities who are responsible for such a condition. On the other hand, however, the workers stand by their leaders, worry about their factory, try to improve its operation, and glory in its achievements. I spent two evenings at a party conference of the Putilov plant attended by some seven hundred delegates, and now no one can shake my conviction that the plain workingmen, for that is what the majority of party members now are, really identify themselves with the plant and with the government which owns it.

This party conference was a revelation in many ways. At Putilov's one realizes how devoid of real significance is the statement that Communists constitute only 1 or 2 or even 4 per cent of the population of the Soviet Union. The point is that the party has its members when it needs them, in the front ranks of the working class, in the first line of defense. There are 14,000 Communists at Putilov's out of 34,000 workers—41 per cent.

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In the converted church which now serves as Putilov's conference hall hangs a photograph of the Putilov party committee in 1927. Not one of its forty members is left at the factory now. The men and women in the picture were between thirty and forty-five years old—the average must have been thirty-eight. Today it is nearer thirty, probably below thirty. Most of the people in the former party committee have moved up a rung or two in the party leadership. Anybody with experience and ability in Russia is immediately advanced to higher positions. The youth comes in to fill the gap. But these younger men, eager and keen though they are, bear a tremendous responsibility, for they dominate the situation at Putilov's, just as their comrades do in every industrial unit throughout the country.

This party committee of young men is the central organization of all the Communists employed at Putilov's. It is the supreme authority at the factory. The Soviet Government takes orders from the Communist Party of the Soviet Union; so, too, Director Otz accepts dictation from the party committee. Otz, to be sure, receives his official appointment and instructions from the Commissariat of Heavy Industries which is a branch of the government. The commissariat expects him to be the commander-in-chief at the plant. But as a Communist, Otz is subordinate to the party committee. There can, of course, be no conflict of general interests or purposes between a Soviet Government and a Communist Party. Yet such a conflict may easily arise at a given factory between the representatives of these two units. Despite all the Bolsheviks' insistence on unified command in factory managements, the director at least shares his authority with the party committee, and frequently he submits completely to its control.

In case of dispute at Putilov's, the appeal goes to the party committee of all Leningrad, but Otz has recourse to his commissariat, the head of which is Ordjenikidze, a member of the Politburo of the party. Ordjenikidze thus combines in his person government and party leadership. In the same way, when the director of a plant is an old, respected Communist, he runs the factory and also the party committee. This is the ultimate solution of the problem of divided command which now makes for much inefficiency and friction in Russian industry, and which must continue until a class of experienced Communist organizers and engineers is developed.

This adverse side of party "control from below," however, is balanced by another very bright aspect. Putilov's has many big and beautiful automatic machines imported from America. On each of these the management has painted a reminder to the man who handles it: "This machine," one reads, "costs 17,400 gold rubles. Take care of it." "Well," the worker might reply, "what difference does it make to me how much the Soviet Government spent?" Yet this is not his reaction. He may spoil that expensive bit of equipment because he knows no better; he lacks training and adequate skill. But his attitude is not cynical. I saw that at the party conference where the workingmen who spoke showed by their manner and words how pained and grieved they were by the shortcomings from which the factory suffers. Outside the conference, too, one encountered innumerable instances of the workers' will to help the management. He swore at it on the platform of the conference; at the same time, he tried by suggestions and in practice to ease and improve the work of the director. "Proletarian inventors" are one of many illustrations. . . .

The fourth day of my sojourn at Red Putilov was the twenty-fourth of the month. It was therefore the "free day" or sabbath. Almost all Soviet institutions now work five days and rest on the sixth. We went out to Strelna by car. Strelna is an inlet of the Gulf of Finland where the Putilov factory has a rest home for its workers, and a boat station. The Inventors' Club of the transport department had arranged a picnic, and I received an invitation. Most of the people came out in Soviet-made Amo trucks belonging to the plant. They were in their "Sunday" best; nice blue, ill-fitting suits on the men, clean blouses on the boys, women in neat prints, all wearing fairly good shoes.

When I arrived, a meeting was in progress. "Meetings," I exclaimed bitterly to my Communist companion. "You meet even on your holidays?" He assured me it would last only forty minutes. It lasted ninety. I sat down on one of the tree-shaded benches that faced the crude platform. Prizes were being distributed. Every department of the factory has an inventors' society which consists not of engineers with training—they have their own organization—but of resourceful semi-skilled workingmen who invent ways of raising output. One man had contrived a simple but clever device to simplify the unloading of coal cars. He was granted a hundred-ruble premium. He looked about fifty years of age, and I take it he never before had been as happy and proud. When he returned to his family's seats they fingered each crisp bill. Comrades walked up and congratulated him. . . . An illiterate woman had operated one machine at Putilov's for thirteen years. Suddenly, it occurred to her that the chief operation could be rationalized so as to save labor. She told the engineer. He applied her idea. She got a sixty-ruble bonus. She made a little speech. "I want now to learn to read and write," she said. "Perhaps I could become an engineer." Russians often behave like naive children. Her naivete was somewhat pathetic. She was past fifty.

The chairman announced that the inventions of their society had saved the factory 120,000 rubles. Loud applause. But they had planned to do more. They must do better next year. He perorated. He closed the meeting. We ran to the salt water. For a ruble, which covers maintenance and repairs, one can borrow a rowboat for the day. Boats bobbed like corks over the waves far into the gulf. Happy people dived from them into the water. Everybody wore a bathing suit: men in brief trunks, women in one-piece suits or in panties and brassieres. The Putilov proletariat was taking its holiday.

Unfortunately, however, every day is not a holiday. Everyday life for the Putilov worker and his family is hard. The mere business of feeding himself consumes an inordinate amount of time and energy. Even then his table is inadequately supplied. The management of the Putilov consumers' cooperative society went to a vast amount of trouble and furnished me with a complete list of all the goods it received and sold between February 1, 1931, and January 1, 1932. Such a tabulation, I think, has never been published anywhere, and is of historic value. In those eleven months, if one takes the average for the 34,000 employees of the factory, each employee received 31.7 kilograms of meat, two kilograms of tea, 67 kilograms of potatoes, 10.9 kilograms

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of cereal meal, 2.5 kilograms of wheat flour, 330 kilograms of baked bread, 80.4 kilograms of various vegetables, mostly cabbage, 3 kilograms of berries, half a kilogram of nuts, 2.7 kilograms of apples and pears, slightly less than half a kilogram of citrous fruits, just over half a kilogram of poultry, 5.5 kilograms of fresh fish, 13 kilograms of salt-fish and herring, 2.6 kilograms of butter, 1.2 kilograms of margerine, 1.8 kilograms of vegetable oil, 10.7 liters of milk, one-third of a kilogram of cream, one-third of a kilogram of cheese, 71 eggs, a few grams of honey, 19.1 kilograms of sugar, 5.8 kilograms of candy, 6.2 kilograms of cake, one kilogram of jam, 7 kilograms of macaroni, 3.7 kilograms of salt, 1.3 cans of canned fish, 5.1 kilograms of sausage, one can of meat conserves, one-third of a kilogram of smoked meat, 5.6 liters of vodka, one-sixth of a liter of wines, 1.5 liters of beer and cider, 5.1 liters of non-alcoholic beverages, and 3 kilograms of other groceries.

The worker bought these articles from the cooperative at cheap non-inflation prices. It must be remembered, too, that his wife is probably employed in another factory and may have bought an equal amount of food at her store. The Putilov force, moreover, gets at least one low-priced meal a day in the dirty, unappetizing factory restaurants which, however, serve meat irregularly (twice a week, perhaps), exceedingly little fruit, hardly any butter, and few green vegetables. Each working-class family, according to a rough estimate, covers 25 per cent of its kitchen requirements with supplies purchased at high inflation, or "commercial" prices on the free market.

In addition to foodstuffs, the worker at Putilov's bought from his cooperative during these eleven months 600 cigarettes, 2.8 kilograms of matches, 3.6 kilograms of laundry soap, three cakes of toilet soap, three meters of cotton goods, one meter of woolens, one meter of linen, 2.6 meters of silk, 3.4 spools of thread, 0.1 kilograms of cotton padding for warm coat-linings, 1.1 pair of rubber galoshes, 0.8 pair of shoes, 1.5 overcoats (at an average of 100 rubles per coat), 0.5 suits, 0.9 pairs of trousers, 0.7 suits of underwear, 0.7 hats, and 2.3 pair of socks.

The Putilov cooperatives further sold 2,000 rain coats in those eleven months, 3,200 rubles in furs, 10,000 shirts, 300 pairs of drawers, kitchen utensils, books, musical instruments, radios, writing material, toys, 500 clocks, electric lamps, 500 beds, 5,000 chairs, 300 tables, 100 divans, 100 wardrobe closets, perfumes and cosmetics costing 43,519 rubles, sanitary goods costing 14,515 rubles (such objects are purchased in larger quantities at the apothecary's), and other details of little importance.

The entire turnover of the Putilov cooperatives in the eleven months was 13,178,193 rubles. In that same period, taking the average wage of 162 rubles per month, the 34,000 Putilov employees earned 60,580,000 rubles. From these most illuminating figures one understands what has been happening in the U.S.S.R. during the last few years: (1) the workingman cannot buy enough goods; (2) he is left with a great deal of money in his pocket which he cannot spend to advantage. The 1931 "evil" of a low cost of living which created a surplus of unneeded cash in the population's purse has, for the most part, been "cured" by the rise in prices, even in the prices on many cooperative articles. The shortage of goods, however, remains. Indeed, it has grown much worse in recent months. And now the Bolsheviks have adopted a very radical expedient which constitutes a departure in principle as well as in practice. Hitherto, the Putilov cooperatives, and all other Soviet cooperatives, received their stocks from a central government supply organization which acquired them from the peasants and from state factories. The cooperatives merely engaged in distribution. This was the "ration" system. Now, Moscow has decided on decentralization. Each factory must shift for itself. It will still obtain manufactured commodities, bread, sugar, and some other items from cooperative and governmental wholesale agencies, but to an increasing extent it will procure its food, clothing, and house furnishings from its own, independent sources.

Putilov's is making considerable progress along this new line. Efremov, an assistant director of the factory, has been put in charge of workers' supplies. He has already signed several contracts with nearby village collectives to deliver food to him in return for simple tools, pots, horseshoes, et cetera, which Putilov's will make from its scrap iron. He will also sell odd bits of metal and old machines to those kolhozi. He proposes likewise to give raw material to artisan artels which will work for his workingmen. Efremov recently received this offer from a kolhoz: if the factory would supply it with spare tractor parts and give it a store on the territory of the plant, the kolhoz would keep that store filled with food and sell to Putilov's employees.

Apart from what the plant will obtain directly from kolhozi and from central agencies, it will create its own sovhozi or state farms. The factory already has two rabbit farms, one with 475 head, and the other with 3,000 which, according to plan, will grow to 90,000 animals in 1933, a piggery, and a 600-acre vegetable farm. Preparations are now under way for the establishment of a dairy farm to yield milk, butter, and cheese for the factory buffets. Eight thousand of Putilov's workers live outside the city limits where they have little houses surrounded by small gardens. The factory will give each workingman a rabbit for breeding purposes, and will encourage him to plant vegetables.

None of these measures will yield their full effect until next spring. This winter promises to be a difficult season. I do not wish in any wise to minimize the hardships it may bring. And yet, in judging the situation, one must not forget two things: the worker knows that the shortage is a by-product of the progress under the Five-Year Plan; he complains yet understands; he sees that the present crisis carries its solution with it; he hopes that the new May decrees and his factory's self-supply measures will bring relief. It is important to note, in the second place, that Russian standards are low. Everybody objects to a scanty, monotonous diet, yet the Russian is more easily reconciled to it than the American intellectual who observes his life. I visited the homes of some Putilov proletarian families. A workingman had received a fine three-room apartment. He could have kept it for himself. The rent was moderate. But he sub-let one room to one brother and another to a second brother. The second brother, who occupied the room with his wife, later took in his nephew of eighteen as a boarder. I asked him why he did it. "Well," he said, "he had to live somewhere." Now they are all crowded, but they didn't seem to mind it in the least. They did not seem to understand why one and the same room could not serve as dining-room and study by day and as bedroom at night.

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# Peoples and Wars*

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

*Amsterdam, August 27*

ON this first day of our assemblage we wish to avoid all controversial speech, to put aside all grievances, and to regret nothing except the errors of those who have tried in advance to emasculate the powerful, just, and healthy tendency of this mass which has risen from the universal populace and has come from all the nations to lay the foundations of a universal confederation against war. In certain quarters this great wave which is rising from the bottom of the ocean of humanity has caused disquiet. Among the governments, those whose interest it is to divide in order to reign have attempted to use the press to poison opinion against our congress. On the other hand, more than one of those department heads who rule the great social parties have taken fright at what seems to them a threat to their administrative routine. They have seen our efforts to construct "a unified front" against war as a sinister machination. Even the term "unified front," through an aberration characteristic of an epoch which has lost the vital urge of the great revolutionary days, has become a scarecrow.

Let us dare to take it up again! And permit a man who, during the war, was disparagingly labeled as "above the battle" to unfurl the great flag inscribed "above all parties; a united front" and to make it float over the threshold of this congress while giving it its true and its loyal meaning!

We have come, under this banner—an army of men and women from all parts of the earth—to proclaim and to impose peace for the world. This army is composed of very different elements. We have, one with another, our doctrines and our tactics belonging to this party or to no party. We shall not discuss them here. Our campaign today has a well-defined end: "War against war!" The uniforms of our confederates are not important. We take nothing into consideration except their frankness, their courage, and their absolute devotion to the great cause which unites us. Those who show themselves the most energetic in the combat, those who are ready for the most ardent sacrifices for the sake of destroying the common enemy—those are the ones, whoever they may be, whom we follow. We reject no one except the cowards, except the pusillanimous sleepers who satisfy themselves with declamations never translated into action or contradicted by action; except, in a word, all those who seek, without confessing it, to find a pretext for not acting at all.

Since the end of the last war the peoples, worn out by the blood-letting of four murderous years, have surrendered their powers into the hands of their tutors. It is necessary that they resume them again and that they remind those who have too readily forgotten, those who speak in their name without taxing the trouble to consult them, that these powers still exist. Our congress is the conscience of the peoples of the world, represented here by their most experienced and most active elements, by those who have felt and who have affirmed the unity of their aspirations and their desire for cooperation against all those who put forth every effort to separate them and to take advantage of them in order to make them destroy one another in the battles of capital or in the bloody games of politics. They are against war and against those who make of war a business—they are against all imperialisms. This awakening of conscience is a call to arms. War against war! May it result in action!

Each one of us, each one of our parties, has its own arms and its own strategy. Let us bring them together! Let us endeavor to coordinate all of sincere determination! In general action there is a place for a great many specific actions, provided only that all of them converge toward the same point. Conscientious objection to military service is a breach in the fortress of that same enemy to which the proletarian armies are going to give pitched battle. Mass combat does not exclude the parallel utilization of individual energies. An army whose battle fronts extend over the whole earth should, while coordinating its general movements, permit to each front the liberty of its own action. The forms of the action may vary in accordance with that which the adversary opposes on each front.

Among the Germans, on the eve of the Hitlerian coup d'état, and among the fascist peoples, it is evident that the dangers are greater. But so much the greater is the merit in raising oneself against the force of obscure nationalistic suggestions, born of misery and of despair, and cynically exploited by the reaction. As for us French, we have above all to control and to bridle, while we await the opportunity to break them, our money and business powers, our great barons of industry, who are the secret or confessed masters of our politics. We must oppose ourselves to their crooked imperialistic endeavor to subjugate Europe with mercenary armies and to exploit the colonial races. The Anglo-Saxons must liquidate the heavy heritage of their conqueror empire which has been accustomed to live on the tributes of its annexed universe. The social crisis takes, and will take, particularly brutal forms in the United States where the European chaos and its antagonisms have found a milieu monstrously favorable to the multiplication of its germs. The double compression of exploited masses and of the soul which suffocates under a sky whose air has never been purified by the free criticism of our Erasmuses and our Voltaires must inevitably lead to an explosion—as must also the awakening of the other great races of the two Americas over which the British and the Yankee imperialisms dispute.

Asia is an immense powder magazine ready to explode. With its own weapons of silence and non-resistance India carries on its invincible struggle for liberation. And at the same time China's gigantic body, torn by imperialists from without and by their accomplices within, stirs heroically and will rise from the sea of its suffering. In the midst of all these combats a single people—more than one people, twenty peoples, a world—has constructed and constructs from day to day the proletarian state: namely, that U. S. S. R. whose very existence constitutes a defiance to the old exploiting world, a hope and an example to all exploited peoples, which it becomes our common duty to preserve against all the

* An address prepared for the first session of the World Congress of All Parties Against War at Amsterdam, August 27, 1932.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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threats of the correlated imperialisms. From amidst the melee of these particular combats we should endeavor to disengage the general lines to be followed in a common and coordinated action, and we should not be satisfied to realize in the course of these three or four days of reunion merely an accord of sentiments and ideas—however important and difficult this first result may be. We should not separate before we have initiated a permanent international movement against the risks of that war which is smoldering everywhere under the ashes. This movement should be founded upon a close union between the two great groups of confederated workers: those who are called the intellectuals and those who are called the hand-workers.

In my quality of intellectual, I hold it essential to denounce and castigate here the stupid and evil pride which the heads of the great controlling bourgeoisie know only too well even at this hour how to exploit, and which tends to oppose, like castes, the so-called elite and the masses. As if the elite could exist without the masses, as if without them the intellectuals could maintain their existence, as if they were capable, in these conflicts where the fate of humanity is at stake, to carry on the least action without the support of the army of laborers and of workmen which is the lever of all action! Let us say it: Action is the end of thought. All thought which does not look towards action is an abortion and a treachery. If then we are the servants of thought we must be the servants of action. And we should seal here the union of those intellectuals worthy of the name with those who are the very substance of living action: the working people.

# *The Show Business*

# III. What It Costs*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN the last previous article I described the steps through which a play passes before it finally achieves a Broadway first night. Nothing was said of the cost of the various processes and procedures, but in the present article I shall try to give some idea of where the huge sums of money sometimes spent on a production go, and how the profits (if any) are divided. Incidentally, it should be noticed that though the playwright risks his time, the money risks are borne entirely by the producer or his backers and (sometimes) by the theater-owner, who may rent his theater on a speculative basis. Scenery, properties, costumes, et cetera, are paid for, whether or no. Actors, directors, stagehands, and musicians work on a strictly salary basis. Except for the director all these others are, however, hired only from week to week, and of course the actor who gives four weeks free rehearsal and then finds himself in a failure actually gets very little for his time.

When a producer has decided to put on a play upon which he probably previously bought an option at a sum ranging from about two hundred and fifty dollars up, the first of the contractual obligations into which he enters is probably with the author, to whom he agrees to pay a percentage, not of the profits but of the gross receipts. The general nature of the contract is fixed by the Dramatists' Guild, but the exact percentage is left to the individual contracting parties. Shaw, said to be the highest paid dramatist, gets 15 per cent, and Barrie is said to demand 12½ per cent. A more usual arrangement would be, however, for the author to get 5 per cent of the first five thousand gross, 7½ per cent of the next two thousand, and 10 per cent of all receipts above that. A play with any chance of success will probably gross at least ten thousand during the second week, and so 10 per cent may be considered the author's normal share. Of this, however, he will probably pay 10 per cent to his agent.

Probably the producer will not be able to arrange for a theater until the production is about ready to come to New York, but when he does make such an arrangement its conditions are much less firmly fixed and depend upon many things. If there happens to be a shortage of theaters at the moment, he may be kept waiting a long time before he can secure one at all. When he does get it he may be compelled to guarantee the owner four thousand dollars a week, and, unless he is an established man known to be solvent, to post a bond besides. If, on the other hand, many theaters are vacant he may persuade an owner who thinks well of the play's chances to let him have the house on a purely speculative basis.

Just now, when so many houses are not only vacant but in the hands of receivers who are not always familiar with the show business, it would be rash even to guess what a typical arrangement would be, but before the depression hit the show business a typical contract would probably provide—in addition to the possible guaranteed minimum—that the owner should receive 50 per cent of the first five thousand dollars gross, 40 per cent of the next five thousand, and, possibly, a slightly smaller per cent above that. Probably, also, there is a clause providing that if the gross receipts fall below a certain amount either party may terminate his agreement on two weeks' notice. It is evident from this that the producer who has a moderate success in hand will expect to pay to the author and theater-owner about 50 per cent of the gross receipts, and to pay initial production costs and current expenses out of the remaining 50 per cent. From this, again, it is evident that the present level of real-estate prices is one of the largest factors in the enormous cost of a play.

To what do the initial production costs amount? It is impossible to give a satisfactory answer to this question because the costs vary enormously, not only in accordance with the elaborateness of the production, but in accordance with the smoothness with which it has passed through the various stages from script to Broadway. Even in the case of two

* The third of a series of articles on The Show Business. The fourth and last, Can Anything be Done About It? will appear next week.—Editor The Nation.

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equally elaborate productions, one may cost many times as much as the other if it so happens that the first has passed quickly along while the second has undergone the process of rewriting, recasting, repeated try-outs, et cetera, and has, besides, perhaps had either to suspend or to play an unprofitable out-of-town engagement while waiting for a suitable theater. Some idea can, however, be given of the prices paid for services and materials and a table of costs can, finally, be given for one or two more or less typical productions.

Unless the producer intends to stage the play himself, or unless he has a permanent staff, his first step is probably to engage a director to whom he may pay a flat salary of from three hundred and fifty dollars a week up; pay a flat sum of, say, fifteen hundred or more dollars; or, perhaps, give a small percentage of the gross in addition to other compensation. Next, he will hire a designer to design scenery and costumes for possibly one to five thousand dollars and arrange for the building and painting of the scenery, the purchase of the necessary electrical effects, the transport of the scenery and properties, et cetera. Perhaps not until later will he hire a press representative, but meanwhile actors have been engaged and rehearsals started—possibly in a hall rented for that purpose. When a certain stage in these proceedings has been reached, an out-of-town try-out will probably be in order. Transportation costs, not only for the actors and the scenic equipment, but also for the director, special stage crew, and other assistants, must be paid, and, since the try-out will probably not pay for itself, much of this must be charged to production expenses. Finally, however, and likely enough after extensive changes in various departments, the play is ready to open on Broadway.

In the case of musical comedies and reviews all the percentages would probably be different from those given, and the production costs may run up to several hundred thousand dollars, though the grand total of $134,500 published by Laurence Schwab as the cost of his "Good News" is probably more or less typical. To illustrate more or less typical outlays for spoken drama, two detailed sets of figures may be given. One is quite unusually high, the other rather low.

1. A drama in modern clothes. Nine male and five female characters; four sets; no specially constructed sets. Opened out of town and played one week and one day. Ran twelve and one-half weeks in New York. A convention which does not mean very much classifies as a success any play which runs ten weeks.

| | Cost | Per Cent of Total |
|---|---|---|
| Scenery | | |
| Construction ..... $6,500 | | |
| Painting ..... 3,500 | | |
| | $10,000.00 | 32.2 |
| Properties | 7,500.00 | 24.2 |
| Lights | 4,200.00 | 13.6 |
| Costumes | 1,431.50 | 4.6 |
| Rehearsal labor | 1,000.00 | 3.3 |
| Hauling | 500.00 | 1.6 |
| Railroad | 530.14 | 1.7 |
| Director's fees | 1,500.00 | 4.8 |
| Decorator's fees | 500.00 | 1.6 |
| Miscellaneous | 3,850.53 | 12.4 |
| | $31,012.17 | 100.0 |

2. Modern drama in civilian clothes. Produced by Arthur Hopkins. Twelve male and seventeen female characters. Three sets. No specially constructed props. Opened out of town and played one week. Ran four weeks in New York.†

| | Cost | Per Cent of Total |
|---|---|---|
| Scenery | | |
| Construction ... $4,101.07 | | |
| Painting ..... 1,900.00 | | |
| | $ 6,001.07 | 37.2 |
| Props | 1,456.54 | 9.0 |
| Lights | 1,495.10 | 9.2 |
| Costumes | 1,742.50 | 10.8 |
| Rehearsal labor | 2,601.99 | 16.1 |
| Rehearsal rental | 490.63 | 3.0 |
| Hauling | 220.75 | 1.4 |
| Director's fee | 1,500.00 | 9.3 |
| To stage manager | 500.00 | 3.1 |
| Miscellaneous | 139.71 | .9 |
| | $16,148.29 | 100.0 |
| Loss on try-out | 3,374.90 | |
| Total | $19,523.19 | |

Once the opening has occurred, the running expenses are relatively light except for the rent of the theater which, together with the author's royalties, will probably take 50 per cent of the gross. The manager will have to pay his press agent, his extra stage hands (if any), and will have begun to pay his actors at the try-out—provided of course that the rehearsals have not occupied more than four weeks. The sum required for the actors' salaries will depend upon the number of performers and their popularity. Salaries have been considerably reduced since the depression began, and probably fluctuate now more than usual, but formerly a star would receive from eight hundred a week up, leads from four hundred to eight hundred, others from as low as fifty for mere "bits" to as high as four hundred for more important parts. Purely by way of illustration the operating costs for the two plays whose production costs were tabulated above may be given—operating being understood to include authors' royalties but not the percentage of gross paid to the theater-owner. The first of the two plays cited cost $4,110.57 per week to run, of which $3,287.00 was for salaries of actors and stage manager. Yet in spite of the fact that the play ran twelve weeks it averaged only $6,000 a week gross, and since 50 per cent of this went to the theater-owner, the twelve-week run lost $13,882 which, added to the production costs, made a total loss of $44,894. The second play referred to cost $6,022.42 per week to run and lost a total of $26,747.

The chief fact to be noted is that, production costs being as high as they are and running costs being, relatively, as low as they are, the difference between a tremendous loss and a tremendous profit is the difference between a short run and a relatively long one. Since no one can really gauge the potential popularity of a play, this is what the statement that the theatrical business is in reality a gambler's business comes down to.

† Both of these tables as well as most of the other economic data given are drawn from the study made by Alfred Bernheim and Sara Harding referred to in the last article. It was made through the Labor Bureau.

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# The Political Front

## I

## Dr. Brinkley of Kansas

By RICHARD HUGHES BAILEY

*Emporia, Kansas, August 24*

ALL signs in Kansas point to the election this year as governor of Dr. John R. Brinkley, upon whom the Kansas City *Star* first bestowed the opprobrious name of "goat-gland quack," a title which hundreds of newspapers have repeated since. Who is Dr. Brinkley?

At Milford, Kansas, several years ago, Dr. Brinkley established a hospital where he soon built up a large practice with a gland operation for men. He was "exposed" by a reporter, A. B. MacDonald, in an article which was printed in the Kansas City *Star*. There followed other articles. His medical education was discussed, and it was alleged that his diploma had come from a diploma mill; his "ethics" were attacked and the merit of his operations questioned. As a result of these articles the Kansas medical board became aroused and Dr. Brinkley's license to practice was taken away from him.

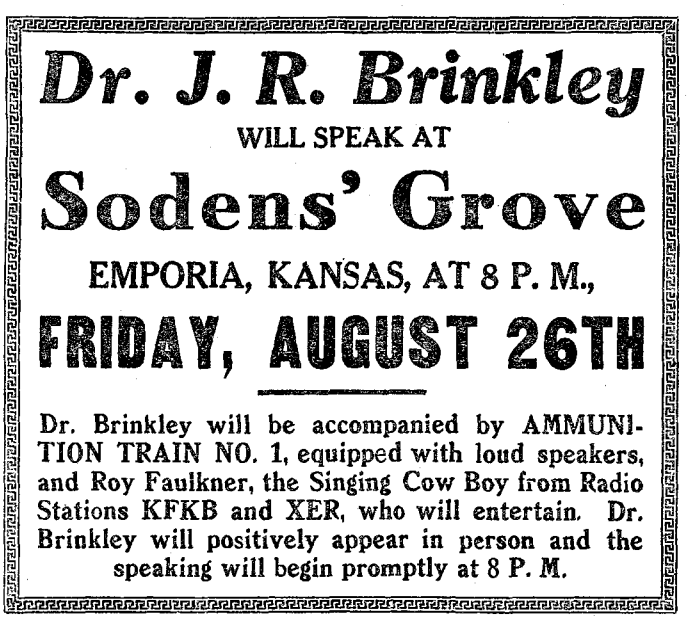
That was two years ago. Dr. Brinkley, incensed, announced his intention of running for governor, apparently on the theory that his election as governor would vindicate his standing as a physician. When those in charge of the State election, good Republicans all, pointed out that it was too late to get his name on the ballot, Dr. Brinkley was not discouraged. He opened a campaign over his radio station at Milford, and for three months urged the electorate of Kansas to write his name in on their ballots. When the votes were counted it was found that 180,000 citizens of Kansas had voted for Dr. John R. Brinkley. His total was only a few thousand votes behind that of Harry H. Woodring, the Democratic candidate who was elected; and Governor Woodring won over his Republican rival by only a few hundred votes.

This year the race will again be three-cornered. Dr. Brinkley announced early in the year that he would make the race a second time. The Democrats renominated Governor Woodring, and the Republicans put up Alfred Landon, an oil man from Independence. This year Dr. Brinkley's name is on the ballot, and he has been waging a strenuous campaign. While he no longer owns the radio station at Milford—he was forced to sell it under pressure from the Federal Radio Commission—he has been speaking over that station daily and over other stations as well. Some of the largest crowds ever gathered in Kansas for political rallies have heard his speeches from the end-gate of his "Ammunition Train No. 1," a big truck garishly painted. Roy Faulkner, "the singing cowboy," is a featured attraction at his open-air talks. He has run big advertisements in the newspapers. He has used, in fact, every electioneering trick except torchlight processions, and those may yet appear.

The "goat-gland quack" of Milford, as even the careful Associated Press calls him, is making a deep impression on the voters of Kansas, though it is hard to see how they can reconcile all of his promises. He has promised "when I am elected" to pave hundreds of miles of roads in every county in Kansas—the newspapers say sarcastically that he will even pave the cowpaths. He has promised free textbooks in the school, artificial lakes in every county created by State money, and scores of other expensive improvements. Yet he winds up every speech with a promise to reduce taxes. Another question which remains unanswered is how he plans to put his grandiose program into effect with an antagonistic legislature. Nevertheless, thousands of persons, anxious for "a change," intend to vote for him.

The Brinkley movement is said to be "all talk" by both Democrats and Republicans, who believe, publicly at least, that Brinkley will not roll up nearly as many votes as he did two years ago. On the other hand, there are many more people who are openly for Brinkley than there were two years ago when no one was quite willing to admit having voted for him. Brinkley stickers, tire-covers, and banners adorn many a Kansas automobile. The farmers seem to be almost solidly behind him, especially in the great wheat-raising belt in the central and western part of the State, where the low price of wheat has turned the farmers against everyone now in office.

Two years ago Dr. Brinkley polled 30,000 more votes than were given to William Allen White, one of the State's best-loved citizens, when he ran for governor in 1924. Mr. White at that time ran in protest against the stand taken by Benjamin Paulen, the Republican candidate, on the issue of the Ku Klux Klan. White was bitterly opposed to the Klan, and although he was not elected governor, the Republicans were so impressed with the size of his vote that they, too, turned against the Klan. Yet Brinkley in 1930 polled more votes than White in 1924. If Brinkley is elected, he will immediately be the target of his enemies. There are indications that the Republicans feel that his election is probable and his im-


Dr. J. R. Brinkley
WILL SPEAK AT
Sodens' Grove
EMPORIA, KANSAS, AT 8 P. M.,
FRIDAY, AUGUST 26TH
Dr. Brinkley will be accompanied by AMMUNITION TRAIN NO. 1, equipped with loud speakers, and Roy Faulkner, the Singing Cow Boy from Radio Stations KFKB and XER, who will entertain. Dr. Brinkley will positively appear in person and the speaking will begin promptly at 8 P. M.

A Brinkley Handbill

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peachment possible—the August primaries were distinguished by the largest list of candidates for lieutenant-governor in the State's history. The lieutenant-governor would replace the governor in case of impeachment.

## II

# "Ma" Ferguson Wins Again

By HAROLD PREECE

*Austin, Texas, September 6*

IN Texas, our throats are still hoarse from cheering because "Ma" Ferguson has apparently won, after days of uncertainty, with a majority of more than three thousand votes. We crank up our dilapidated Fords with a bit more verve as we start to town to make our scanty purchases. As we drive down the main street, Bill, the garage man, yells a passing greeting to us. "Howdy, folks. Things are goin' to be different, now that Ma's goin' back to office." The Fergusons, Jim and "Ma," though present in the flesh as the records of their gubernatorial terms graphically attest, are a benevolent myth to thousands of Texas tenant farmers and workers. Jim may have compromised himself with the breweries and the road contractors; "Ma" may have prostituted the pardoning power of the chief executive; but those are minor failings. "They know how to talk with common folks, and there ain't nothin' high-hat about them."

The impeachment and removal of James E. Ferguson from the governor's office in 1917 has proved a boomerang to his political enemies. The ordinary politician, after conviction for gross malfeasance, would have departed into obscurity; Jim simply changed costumes and became a martyr. In every campaign but one since 1914, he has been a candidate for some office. In 1920 he organized his own party and ran for President of the United States, the party evaporating into thin air after the November election. I say that Jim has been a candidate each time. True, the Ferguson banners have been carried by Mrs. Ferguson the last four times, but everybody knows that "Ma" is simply a proxy for her disqualified husband. It has become impossible to hold a primary campaign, based upon a constructive issue, in the State of Texas. Unemployment relief, economy in governmental expenditures, improvement of the sadly deficient public-school system—all these pressing questions are swept aside as we battle over the perennial issue of Fergusonism. Young Texans are growing up under the shadow of a feud as intense as any of the early cattle wars. Because of the Ferguson personal following, numbering over a hundred thousand devoted souls, one of the Fergusons is always one of the two highest candidates in the first Democratic primary. Under the Texas law, if no candidate in a multiple race receives a majority, the two contenders polling the most votes enter a second primary. As in 1930, the gubernatorial race this year resolved itself into a contest between Ross S. Sterling and Miriam A. Ferguson.

The political barometer was unusually favorable to the self-styled champions of the forgotten man. Mortgages have been foreclosed right and left; people hitherto in comfortable circumstances have been reduced almost to the level of paupers; the cost of State government has increased by a third, while tax receipts have declined correspondingly. Viewing the glaring incompetence of Governor Ross S. Sterling during his single term of office, Texas voters forgot the equal incompetence of Mrs. Ferguson during a like tenure of office, and have now exchanged a present evil for a former one.

The ineffectual administration of Mr. Sterling has forever dispelled the fetish of putting successful business men in office. The Governor had been an eminent success in his way as a salesman of oil and gas, emerging from the obscurity of a small-town merchant to the eminence of a millionaire petroleum operator. But a mind conditioned to mere acquisition of property could not, perhaps, be expected to manifest any deep sympathy for the economically submerged. The minor petroleum operators even assert that he took advantage of the depression to convert East Texas into a satrapy of the Humble Oil Company. Martial law was declared in East Texas, ostensibly to enforce the oil-proration laws. But it is an indisputable fact that the troops sent by Governor Sterling, founder of the Humble Oil Company, were commanded by General Jacob Wolters, attorney for the Humble Oil Company. Many lower-ranking officers of the national gubernatorial guardsmen, stationed in the territory, were either connected with the Humble or other major oil companies. Governor Sterling has denied that he has had any connection with the Humble Oil Company since 1925, but in 1930, according to the record of a legislative investigating committee, he received an advance royalty of $400,000 from that concern. The Humble Oil Company is a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Theoretically, the Standard is outlawed in the State of Texas. But in 1918, Sterling, then president of the Humble, sold 50 per cent of its stock to the Standard interests. The Standard has since increased its holdings to 65 per cent of the Humble stock, while the anti-trust laws of the State have been nullified by the passage of a bill giving foreign corporations the right to vote stock held in Texas concerns.

Sterling's second great error was the advocacy of a three-hundred million dollar bond issue for the building of highways. During the period of prosperity, Texas counties saddled themselves with bonds for every conceivable purpose, and the total indebtedness will probably not be liquidated in a century. The *Ferguson Forum* made such political capital out of the proposed highway issue that Governor Sterling ignominiously reversed his position on the matter. Adroitly, Ferguson called upon the voters to dismiss Sterling and thereby get "two governors for the price of one," a clever catch-phrase for a people struggling to pay taxes out of reduced incomes. If history repeats itself, the two-for-one combination will prove expensive in the long run, after the fashion of most bargains.

Ferguson, himself, is not averse to feasting with the Pharisees and taking their cash. As an attorney, he has represented corporations almost as imposing as the Humble Oil Company; his connections with the American Book Company and American Road Company, during his wife's term of office, constituted a public scandal. The American Road Company was subsequently outlawed from the State, and forced to return $600,000 excess profit to the State treasury. Simultaneously, Ferguson was drawing a retainer of $20,000 per year from a railroad. Not even his most ardent supporters deny these facts. But as I have intimated,

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Ferguson is friendly and approachable where Sterling is cold and aloof. The successful demagogue knows how to fool the people and make them like it. Governor Sterling can neither fool them nor make them like it.

To some extent, the Ferguson victory denotes an awakening class-consciousness, since "Ma" was commonly regarded as the candidate of the people against the corporations. I use the term class-consciousness advisedly, but so long as the Ferguson organization serves as a stop-gap, no party with a genuine program of social readjustment is going to make any headway in Texas. The Fergusons have never held office during a period of depression. Will they institute some adequate measures of reform and relief, or will they follow their usual policy of converting the gubernatorial position into a lucrative dispensary of pardons and political favors? The voters of Texas have had an opportunity to become disillusioned with the successful business man. Will this resentment at the established order of things be wreaked in a year or two on the "friends of the people?" The developments of the next two years will afford an answer to these questions. The most significant feature, at present, is the moral bankruptcy of the Democratic Party of Texas. In a State where the Democratic nomination is generally equivalent to election, the members of that party were forced to choose between two persons, both of whom have figured in what may well be termed genuine public scandals.

# What Really Happened

By MORRIE RYSKIND

[*Editor's Note: The following is an alleged transcript of the notes, taken by an alleged stenographer in alleged shorthand, of an alleged conversation alleged to have taken place at an alleged meeting between two alleged statesmen who shall be nameless. How it came into my hands would make an interesting story in itself, if I could only think of it. Suffice to say that after considerable difficulty—due to the fact that I do not know shorthand—I succeeded in decoding the message, and hereby offer it for what it is worth. No reasonable offer refused.*]

*The scene is the office of Mr.—let us say—Smith. A secretary announces a Mr.—let us say—Garner.*

MR. SMITH

Who?

SECRETARY

Garner. John Nance Garner.

MR. SMITH

Oh, yes. Show him up! Show him up! . . . No, I did that . . . Show him *in*.

[*The Secretary does so, and Mr. Garner enters, his hat in his hand. It is the same hat that was formerly in the ring. He seems embarrassed, and you can hardly blame him.*]

MR. GARNER

[*a little doubtfully—say about as doubtful as New York State*]

Hello.

MR. SMITH

[*Believe it or not, he's cordial. I, for one, don't believe it.*]

Hello! Glad to see you! How have you been?

MR. GARNER

Pretty good, thanks. And you?

MR. SMITH

Great! Never felt grouchier. What's on your mind?

MR. GARNER

Oh, nothing, nothing.

MR. SMITH

Well, *that's* progress. Have a cigar?

[*Garner takes it—and he certainly can take it. He tries to light it with a lighter given to him by Congress but, like that body, it doesn't work; it just sputters. Smith strikes a match for him.*]

MR. GARNER

Thanks. . . . Nice office you have here.

MR. SMITH

Not bad. Of course, it's not the office I had in mind when I made that Chicago trip.

MR. GARNER

I know, but when you come right down to it, there's only one Empire State.

MR. SMITH

Yeah, and it's got forty-seven electoral votes.

[*For some reason, this reply disconcerts Garner, and he chokes on the cigar. Smith waits hopefully but, seeing that Garner will recover anyway, pours him a drink.*]

MR. GARNER

Thanks. . . . How's business?

MR. SMITH

Great! Subscriptions are rolling in. . . . How are subscriptions with you?

MR. GARNER

Not so good.

MR. SMITH

You could learn something from us. You get our magazine?

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MR. GARNER

No.

MR. SMITH

You can't afford to miss it. I'm going to run some swell stuff this year.

MR. GARNER

Gosh, I'd like to, but I don't get time to read much, and I already subscribe to one magazine, *Better Babies*.

MR. SMITH

Never heard of it. Who's the editor?

MR. GARNER

Mrs.——er——

*[He is at a loss, and who isn't these days?]*

MR. SMITH

*[He's either puzzled or he has a grand poker face. You pays your money and you takes your choice.]*

Yes?

MR. GARNER

I'd rather not tell you. You wouldn't want me to be a cad, and bandy a woman's name about?

MR. SMITH

Certainly not. But I still think you ought to subscribe.

MR. GARNER

I don't think I can afford it right now. Later on, maybe, when business picks up—say November.

MR. SMITH

That reminds me. What business are you in now?

MR. GARNER

Why, I'm running for Vice-President.

MR. SMITH

*[You never saw a more surprised man in your life.]*

No! On what ticket?

MR. GARNER

Democratic.

MR. SMITH

Is that so? Mind if I make a note of that? Might mention it in the magazine. Publicity never hurts.

MR. GARNER

I'm not so sure about that. . . . Tell me, what issue would you run that in?

MR. SMITH

I wouldn't know at this minute. Why don't you subscribe and then you'd be sure to see it?

MR. GARNER

Well, now——

MR. SMITH

Sure!

*[To Secretary]*

Mrs. Moscowitz! Give Mr. Garner a subscription blank.

*[Mrs. Moscowitz does so after a conference with her husband.]*

MR. GARNER

*[still trying to get out of it]*

I really oughtn't do this till I balance my budget.

MR. SMITH

Go on—you're only young once.

*[Garner puts his X on the dotted line. Smith looks it over to make sure it's not the double X.]*

MR. GARNER

Take a check or do you want cash?

MR. SMITH

Is the check any good?

MR. GARNER

Take my word for it.

*[So Garner pays cash.]*

MR. SMITH

Thank you very much. Drop in any time.

MR. GARNER

I'll do that. Call me up some time.

MR. SMITH

I did once, but they said you were out.

MR. GARNER

No!

MR. SMITH

I know—but that's what they told me.

MR. GARNER

Well, better luck next time.

MR. SMITH

Same to you. Well, glad to have seen you. Another cigar before you go?

*[As Garner reaches for the second cigar, the one he is puffing explodes and blows him right out of the building. Mr. Smith takes the departure very philosophically. Then he has an idea.]*

MR. SMITH

*[to himself]*

SAY! I wonder if McAdoo smokes!

CURTAIN

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# In the Driftway

FISHING, like every other form of the good life, has been thoroughly exploited by politicians, sportsmen, and various other people with ulterior motives. In the movies there is a continuous succession of business-like men, in speed-boats elaborately equipped, dragging giant tunny or dangerous swordfish out of the ocean; or of pudgy puzzled politicians trying to pass themselves off as honest fishermen. Not long ago the Drifter saw a film in which a professor of fishing in one of our universities (believe it or not) was shown demonstrating his skill. As a result, the true nature of fishing is in danger of being overlooked, especially by the younger generation. It is in the interest of the youngsters particularly that the Drifter would like to point out what every true fisherman knows: that catching a fish does not constitute fishing; that fishing is neither a profession nor a sport. It is, rather, a state of mind, an attitude toward life, which can best be cultivated beside a quiet stream of a sunny afternoon.

* * * * *

YOUR authentic fisherman is not the sportily dressed, energetic extrovert who wades in hip boots in a rushing stream and keeps his line curling through the air in the constant and strenuous casting of fly-fishing. He is, instead, the unambitious man in old clothes with simple pole and line who sits on the bank of a deep pool for hours at a stretch in a silence that is broken only by the occasional splash of a sleek muskrat going about his business or the soft plop of a fish which may or may not be caught. The fisherman is an introvert, but not a neurotic. His mind is like his pool, tranquil, full of lights and shadows and muted reflections. What non-fishermen contemptuously call his patience is not patience at all but a profound absorption in water and light and swift-swimming fish under the surface. The Drifter knows of no silence so intense as that which surrounds a fisherman at his calling. Approach him, and he looks up out of a startling depth, whether he is fishing a lonely stream in the mountains or the populous Seine in the middle of Paris. It is along the Paris Seine, in fact, that the perfect fisherman is probably to be found. The Drifter has never seen a Seine fisherman catch a fish. He has never heard of anyone who ever saw one caught. Obviously the men who fish there fish for fishing's sake, which is the true test. For them, fishing has become in fact a way of life.

* * * * *

THE Drifter speaks knowingly of fishing because he once fancied it as a career for himself. For weeks, one summer, he sat as an apprentice on quiet banks with a veteran fisherman. He felt the fascination of water and light and fish and of the silence which is so profound that the catching of one trout is a dramatic and disturbing event that often makes it necessary to move to another, quieter pool. But the Drifter's trouble was an insatiable curiosity to investigate the country beyond the other bank of the stream—a sure indication that he was not at heart a fisherman but a drifter.

MARCEL Proust, in his "Remembrance of Things Past," describes the course of a walk he took regularly with his parents in Combray, along the river Vivonne. On the way they passed a hazelnut tree "under which a fisherman in a straw hat had taken root."

> At Combray [writes Proust] where I knew what individuality of blacksmith or grocer's boy was hidden under the uniform of the church guard or the surplice of the choir boy, this fisherman was the only person whose identity I never discovered.

M. Proust would probably have found that the fisherman under his straw hat was a fisherman and nothing else. He is never anything else if he can help it. For fishermen are, above all, contented. A President often fancies himself as a fisherman. But the Drifter has never met a fisherman who cared about being President.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Elect Them Both

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your own political comment and the articles of Paul Y. Anderson are realistic and honest; but Sherwood Anderson's suggestion that we elect both Hoover and Roosevelt as copresidents is the stroke of genius.

Many reasons come to mind why this would be the best possible solution of the impending election. First, it will please from 95 to 98 per cent of the electorate. Second, it will enable us to compare Democrats and Republicans under approximately similar conditions. And finally, in this year of all years, when we so need to economize, we can dispense with the election altogether, and let the consuls begin functioning at once.

*Galesburg, Ill., August 31* SAMUEL M. BERG

## Max Nomad Interprets Himself

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is remarkable how some people manage to read into a text interpretations which are the very opposite of what the author intends to convey. Thus H. Kendall, according to his letter in your issue of August 31 found that "almost every page" of my "Rebels and Renegades" "carries ridicule of the radical proletariat and its ultimate aspirations," while in fact my attacks were directed solely against the ingenious devices used for taming and deceiving the laboring masses. Moreover, that same reader thought it necessary to "defend" the originality of my point of view against V. F. Calverton who, in Mr. Kendall's opinion, unjustly denied me the deserved credit. Now, whatever sins Mr. Calverton may have committed in reviewing my book, he certainly made no mistake in attributing its philosophy to my late friend, Waclaw Machajski. Mr. Kendall's conception—which I am supposed to share—involves the perpetuation of the rule of "brains" over "brawn" as a "biological" matter, so to speak. Machajski's fundamental idea was that while the various schools of socialist thought have, consciously or unconsciously, shaped their policies for the purpose of establishing and maintaining the rule of the intelligentsia as an economically privileged class, the revolutionary economic struggle of the manual workers, aiming at the equalization of incomes,

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will eventually do away with the intelligentsia as an economic category, by making higher education accessible to all alike, thus removing the division of the human race into educated masters and ignorant robots. In the last two pages of my final chapter the reader will find that there is a complete identity of my conclusions with Machajski's opinions which I presented in my chapter on Trotzky.

Mr. Kendall, like so many other defenders of an intellectual aristocracy after Plato's model, seems to think that higher education can be acquired only by biologically superior minds, and that such superiority is hereditary. A refutation of this long-exploded fallacy which is only a modernized version of the "divine-right" theory, was not within the scope of my book.

*New York City, September 1* MAX NOMAD

## The Baltimore *Sun* and Mr. Pearson

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note with regret your comment on the Baltimore *Sun* and the dismissal of Drew Pearson, and believe that you would not have written as you did had you been fully conversant with the *Sun's* side of the case, instead of basing your comment on the somewhat misleading press reports. As a friend both of Mr. Pearson and the Baltimore *Sun,* may I say that the case is not one which is just a matter of black and white, and that, in the eyes of the *Sun,* Mr. Pearson's relation to the new volume of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" is but one phase of the situation. It appears, also, that it was not Mr. Pearson's connection with the book, as such, that caused the trouble, but his handling of certain personalities therein. That it would, perhaps, have been wiser for the *Sun* to have been more patient if only in order to avoid being misunderstood, is probably true. It is my belief, however, that the Baltimore *Sun* has not yielded either in its liberalism, or its readiness to allow liberty of action to its staff representatives.

*New York, September 9* JUSTICE

[The editors of *The Nation* would greatly regret doing any injustice whatever to the Baltimore *Sun* for which they continue to have a very high regard, and are therefore happy to print the above letter.]

## Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation,* is the author of "Machines and Men in Russia."

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*Pulitzer Prize Playwright*

*Author of "In Abraham's Bosom," etc.*

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### JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

Another Language. Booth Theater. Relatives at their worst realistically and hilariously described in one of the very few plays to survive the summer.

Ballyhoo of 1932. 44th Street Theater. A better than average musical review with some good tunes. (H. H.)

Best Years. Bijou Theater. A competently written but none too original drama about a selfish mother and a self-sacrificing daughter.

Bridal Wise. Cort Theater. Very light but funny comedy concerned with love and horses. With Madge Kennedy.

Counsellor-at-Law. Plymouth Theater. Resumed run of Elmer Rice's racy account of a self-made lawyer.

Here Today. Ethel Barrymore Theater. The most talked about of the new comedies. Reviewed in this issue.

Of Thee I Sing. Music Box Theater. The one inescapable "must" now on exhibition. Politics done up brown in the Ryskind-Kaufman-Gershwin Pulitzer prize winner.

Show Boat. Ziegfield Theater. Revival of one of the most successful musical shows of recent years.

Smiling Faces. Shubert Theater. An uninspired musical show starring the Stones. Some good dancing. (H. H.)

The Cat and the Fiddle. Cohan Theater. A tuneful operetta held over from last season.



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# Books and Drama

## High City

By LEONORA SPEYER

*The mountains look on Marathon,*
*And Marathon looks on the sea.*

All day the singing in my ear,
The lordly words, all day the face
Of him who loved this Broken Place—
Imperious face, full, scornful eye—
And where the splintered marbles lie,
And where the capital still heaves
Its stone acanthus toward the sky,
Unfolding lush those carven leaves,
He limps, he leaps the tumbled stair,
Up to the gods no longer there.

This is the hill he made his hill,
By right of song and by love's right,
That English town that scattered him
Grew unimportant overnight—
Save when he sang of it, and then
Nightingales screamed, to scorch and spill
Sweet lava on its roofs again,
And London ran and women ran
To read his words—and read them still.

*The mountains look on Marathon!*
The mountains . . .
where the light snow lies
Sifted along this Grecian south,
Beneath these too-blue Grecian skies—
And cold; and bare; no grappling root
Climbs as he climbed (mis-shapen foot
He called his little hoof), proud mouth
So cruel-curled, yet tender grown
For each high, adamant stone, for this
The City that he made his own:
Acropolis . . . Acropolis . . .

All day the voice—Byronic sound
Where no sound is, unless this Pile
Cluttered along the god-like ground
Be sound indeed. All day the smile
That London loved a little while,
A sister over-loved, and she
The weeping wife whose narrow heart
Was like these stones—without their art—
Broken as they, its stilted gods
Scattered as theirs—a crumb of clay!

In Athen's street his image stands,
And pale as life, the bold head bent,
His lofty brow and insolent
Receives its laurel from the hands
Of the Muse leaning . . .
London town
Still hoards its sooty towers and walls,
Looks down its nose—the smug, the long—
But here where Marathon looks down,
Through year that crumbles into year,
Echoes a step that is his step,
Resounds his opulent, aching song;
Beneath Erechtheum's porticos,
Intent and tall, the Maidens peer,
Dreaming he comes and goes.
*"There will be many write of me—"*
(Defiant boast and prophecy),
What need to write?
Acropolis
Looks down from its bleak precipice,
And mountains looks, and Marathon,
Forever on the sea.

## Spanish Katzenjammer

*The Revolt of the Masses.* By José Ortega y Gasset. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

THE anonymous translator of this work says that "in the Spanish histories of the future Don José Ortega y Gasset will probably be spoken of as one of the Fathers of the Republic." If so, then the definition of republic will have to be changed, at all events in Spain. For what Professor Ortega denounces most violently in his book is precisely the idea upon which the whole science and art of republicanism has always been based, to wit, the idea that there is some mystical virtue, and what is more, some mystical wisdom, in men in the mass—that what everyone believes is somehow likely to be true. Upon this doctrine he flings himself with great enthusiasm, and, save at moments when he loses the thread of his discourse and argues against himself, with considerable effect.

The liberation of the masses, he believes, has done Europe a lot of harm. It has upset the old scale of values, especially in the field of government, and substituted a kind of moony indifferentism, grounded upon simple and even childish desires. The mob is impatient of all ideas, and hence refuses to consider and discuss them. The one thing it esteems is a comfortable conformity, and that conformity is naturally pitched upon a low level. Moreover, it is quite irrational, for there is no coherent concept behind it, but only a yearning to be "undifferentiated from other men," to pass unmarked and unmolested in a vague crowd. Thus mere quantity is substituted for quality, and all the high aspirations and emprises of superior men sink into desuetude.

Señor Ortega's thesis is here clear enough, but it cannot be said that he maintains it with unfailing consistency. It is hard to follow an argument which begins with an eloquent plea for aristocracy (page 22), and ends with the conclusion that "liberal democracy based on technical knowledge is the highest type of public life hitherto known" (page 56). Nor is it easy to agree, on the one hand, that the stupidities of the mob now engulf and smother *homo sapiens,* and on the other hand that his "vital tone," which "consists in his feeling himself possessed of greater potentiality than ever before," is now at its historic maximum.

But such confusions, of course, are apt to occur in a book which covers so wide a field, especially if it comes from the studio of a metaphysician. When Señor Ortega turns into by-paths he often writes with great clarity, and is pleasantly persuasive. In one of his later chapters, for example, he has an

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excellent short treatise on the nature of the state, along with a hearty denunciation of the current tendency to regard it as a stupendous Peruna bottle, with a cure in it for every ill. And he pleads with fine eloquence for some of the standards that democracy has tended to destroy. From his main contention few will dissent—that it is bad government which particularly afflicts the world, and especially Europe, today. But most readers will regret that he did not state it more simply, and argue for it with a more concentrated assiduity.

Señor Ortega is professor of metaphysics at the University of Madrid, and a busy controversialist. He edits a review and has printed a number of books, but this one, I believe, is the first to be done into English. The translation is very smooth.

H. L. MENCKEN

# Inquiry into Life

*The Sheltered Life.* By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

WHATEVER her place among them, Ellen Glasgow writes in the style of the best novelists. She belongs in the great tradition, and the difference between her and the rawer, bolder, keener spirits who are concerned with the contemporary scene is that they believe they know what life should be, and Miss Glasgow is merely trying to find out what it is.

That is what makes of "The Sheltered Life," which is the story of yesterday in the South, something more than another "Age of Innocence." Ending her tale with the first reverberations of the World War in August, 1914, Miss Glasgow has placed it in time far beyond wars or the insecurity of governments. She has described a lost world, the world of sheltered women and sheltering, if unfaithful, men; her Queenborough which may be only another name for the Richmond she knows so well, is as remote as the moon from the Europe of 1914-18, and the world of 1932. Her Mrs. Birdsong, whose whole career was to be a beauty, may exist no more. A set of manners which would make a man ask a woman to marry him simply because he had inadvertently spent half the night with her in a broken-down sleigh, although neither loved the other, and which would make her accept him and live with him as his wife for thirty years, may have vanished. But if this code of behavior is no longer observed, Miss Glasgow is by no means dependent on its existence for the wisdom and penetration of her observations about men and women. She holds this vanishing day in her hands and turns it around as carefully as if it were a ball of glass in which she could see the human heart. Who were these people, she asks? What did they think when they acted as they did? Out of what clay did they spring, and in what mold may they, with their inheritance and their traditions, eventually be cast?

This particular form of inquiry would, I believe, lift Miss Glasgow above the run of her contemporaries, even if she were not also gifted with wit and irony and with the ability to tell a well-ordered and moving story. Those furious young Don Quixotes who find in Willa Cather, for example, merely gentle piety about a lost age, would, if they were as honest as they are brave, be compelled to acknowledge more substance in Miss Glasgow. She it is who can say: "For one confirmed habit had not changed with the ages. Mankind was still calling human nature a system and trying vainly to put something else in its place." Or: "To be sure, as Jenny Blair was too apt to retort, we were living in the twentieth century, and ideas were modern. Modern, yes, but there had been modern ideas in every age, not excepting the long ages that were probably arboreal." Or: "First love is simply between two persons, you and your lover, and it changes as everything must that exists merely between two human beings. But last love has courage in it also; it has courage and finality, and facing the end and all the emptiness that is life." Courage to face the emptiness of life is a quality that only years can bring. The young scorn it, probably rightly. The old cannot explain or define it, nor do they always own it; but I should imagine that when they met this particular courage they would salute it with the highest honors.

It remains only to say that the men and women in "The Sheltered Life" are warm and living. Mrs. Birdsong, of the radiant eyes and the queenly carriage, who could finally not endure having been an ideal for forty years; George, her husband, who loved her, who knew he was not worthy of her little finger, and who was not able, therefore, to be faithful to her; General Archbald, who after eighty years had discovered that happiness was to be free from the tyranny of chance, to be released from wanting; Jenny Blair, a child, a young woman, whom the sheltered life did not quite cover, and yet who remained in it for first love which would be restrained neither for loyalty nor kindness—these and the other persons in her book Miss Glasgow has drawn fully and credibly. In creating them, she has contributed something to human experience, merely by saying, dispassionately and completely, what their experience was. That perhaps is all that should be asked of a novelist. And while novelists remain who can do it, to whatever degree, we need not be concerned about the future of this particular form of literary endeavor.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

# Senator Beveridge

*Beveridge and the Progressive Era.* By Claude G. Bowers. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

ONE does not often find so admirable a piece of political biography as Mr. Bowers has given us in his life of Beveridge. The high quality of the work is the more notable because Mr. Bowers himself is far from sympathetic with some of the things for which Beveridge stood, but while he does not wholly conceal his own divergence, he holds a steady hand in controversial matters and refrains from pressing criticism where it would be essentially partisan. Only an elaborate review could take account of all the new light which he has drawn from the voluminous Beveridge manuscripts and other sources, and it must suffice to say here that he has swept the field with thoroughness and scrupulous care and utilized his material without being at any time inundated by it.

The outstanding characteristics of Beveridge were his oratorical brilliance, his passionate devotion to the causes he took up, and his prodigious capacity for work. It was as an orator that he made his way into public life and widened his political fame, and his speeches, whether in the Senate, or at party conventions, or on his whirlwind campaign tours, are memorable examples of the gorgeous rhetoric and effective manner which move audiences to enthusiasm even though they fail to convert. His oratorical gift, joined to unusual powers of observation, was reflected in the long succession of magazine articles in which he discussed current political issues, and notably in the remarkable series of articles, viewed with suspicion by editors and branded as pro-German by a deluded and distracted public, in which he described what he saw and heard behind the lines in Europe in the winter of 1914-15. He dug deeply into the political questions which he discussed in the Senate, and once his interest was aroused he went into the fight with his whole heart.

The climax of his career came with the Progressive movement. Mr. Bowers has not undertaken to write a history of that episode, although his account of Beveridge's connection with it inevitably includes a good deal of general narrative and

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comment. Seen in the perspective in which Mr. Bowers places it, much of Beveridge's public life seems to have been a preparation for the Progressive role which he played. Distrustful of Jefferson and an admirer of Hamilton, he went over without reserve to imperialism in the war with Spain, hurried off to the Philippines to study the problem there, longed to see Cuba a part of the United States, and sneered at the evidence of Philippine outrages by American army officers and men. He fought the Payne-Aldrich tariff and locked horns with the Old Guard over the admission of New Mexico, Arizona, and Oklahoma. Then, with suspicions that all was not holy with big business, he led the demand for an investigation of the packing industry, and called for tariff revision with the condition that it should be the work of the tariff's friends.

His devotion to the Progressive movement was due only in part, although in considerable part, to his liking for Roosevelt. "For the moment," as Mr. Bowers points out, "he had utterly lost faith in the Republican Party," but he also realized that a new party must rest upon principles and not upon devotion to a leader. As long as there was hope of achieving "a vital program of political and social reforms" he labored arduously for the cause, but when the movement, defeated at the polls, foundered on the rock of Roosevelt's ambition, he returned sadly to the Republican fold. He had already lost his seat in the Senate, and his political career was practically at an end. It is hard to resist the impression that, as far as progressivism was concerned, he was an opportunist, anxious for reforms and willing to take a chance, but careful not to break completely with his Republican past.

There is a good deal besides politics in Mr. Bowers's book, and the accounts of Beveridge's travels, his wide friendships, and his personal traits and habits are well done. A series of sketches of Aldrich, La Follette, Dolliver, Cummins, and Bristow are models of literary portraiture. One would gladly have had more about the preparation of the monumental life of John Marshall and the unfinished life of Lincoln, for it is through these works that Beveridge's memory is most certain to be honored.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

# Prices Versus Planning

*Recovery. The Second Effort.* By Sir Arthur Salter. The Century Company. $3.

*The World's Economic Crisis and the Way of Escape.* By Sir Arthur Salter, Sir Josiah Stamp, J. Maynard Keynes, Sir Basil Blackett, Henry Clay, and Sir W. H. Beveridge. Halley Stewart Lectures, 1931. The Century Company. $1.75.

*The Financial Aftermath of War.* By Sir Josiah Stamp. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

*Economic Stabilization in an Unbalanced World.* By Alvin Harvey Hansen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

SOME of the soundest and most realistic economic work in the world today is being done in Great Britain. It is not simply that the British economists are well trained, though there is no finer tradition than that in which they are brought up. But by the very necessities of their insular, yet imperial, position, the British people stand face to face with the hard realities of an economic situation that imperiously demands intelligent cooperative action on a world-wide scale. It is that situation which gives bite to the best of present-day British economic writing. Just as the problems and perplexities of the post-Napoleonic era gave rise to the intensely practical speculations of the much-misunderstood classicists, so the staggering difficulties of today are bringing about the creation of a literature some parts of which the student in future may well rate as high as the intelligent critic today places the work of Ricardo and his successors.

In that literature Sir Arthur Salter's "Recovery" is bound to take high rank, not for any keenness and originality of theoretical analysis, though it is marked by understanding of the possibilities as well as the limitations of economic theorizing, but for a masterly presentation of the immense body of facts, both economic and political, relevant to the crisis, and for the sanity, sobriety, and balance with which the author judges the significance of those facts. Unwilling to attempt to express the whole of the present infinitely complex situation in terms of any one convenient formula, Sir Arthur undertakes, with marked success, to analyze it into the various elements, agricultural, industrial, financial, political, and psychological, that make it up, and, with less success, in my judgment, to indicate the way out. He points out the disappearance of the old automatic adjustment of production to wants through free competition, and the necessity of finding a new way in which "competition and individual enterprise on the one hand, and regulation and general planning on the other, will be so adjusted that the abuses of each will be avoided and the benefits of each retained." The hardened critic is likely to look with skepticism on this attempt to mix oil and water, an attempt at present so characteristic of sacred business men and politicians clinging to a job —in neither of which categories do I mean to place Sir Arthur. But the critic should remember that great numbers of sensible and practical men agree with him in thinking it possible to construct out of our present society "such a framework of law, customs, institutions, and planned guidance and direction, that the thrust of individual effort and ambition can operate only to the general advantage." After all, men have muddled through much; maybe muddleheadedness is not altogether without its advantages in a world, like this one, not wholly clear and logical in its arrangements and development.

Among all the post-war books, "Recovery" is unique in the comprehensiveness with which it deals with all the outstanding problems of the present inextricably tangled situation —money and currency, banking, credit, and foreign loans, "reparations" (dead and damned), war debts (moribund and accursed), tariffs (mischief-makers par excellence), cartels and industrial organization (with unemployment of course looming large), armaments, alliances, League Covenant and Kellogg Pact. All are handled with eminent common sense and with the rare fulness of knowledge that befits the author's former position at Geneva. Sir Arthur believes that the path to security and reduction of armaments lies at present only through the strengthening of the League and the Kellogg Pact; he says frankly that in building up the peace machinery and establishing confidence in it, European activity is undermined by complete uncertainty as to what America would do in case of threatened war. His sober and moderate words offer Americans much food for reflection. His common-sense suggestions as to what we might actually do within the limits set by American tradition and the present state of public opinion raise the question whether the mind and heart of America are yet ready for the world cooperation necessary to anything better than what we have, just as his demands on Europe make one wonder whether the radical changes that he shows to be essential can in fact be worked out by governments dominated by economic interests intent on getting everything possible for themselves. Some of us believe that we are involved in a fatal contradiction.

There seems to be little reason, aside from the natural desire of the publishers to cash in on the success of the Salter book, for American publication of the Halley Stewart lectures, even though the lectures were good ones, containing many interesting suggestions. The distinguished authors naturally could say nothing specially important within the limits of a

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single lecture. I venture to say that the most important point in the whole course, at a time when politicians, business men, and even economists are talking glibly about economic planning without having thought the thing through, was that made by Sir William Beveridge: "There is here, I believe, an inescapable, fatal danger—the danger of mixing control and freedom. We have to decide either to let production be guided by the free play of prices or to plan it socialistically from beginning to end." Sir William votes for "seeking a way out of the world's crisis within the framework of the capitalistic system, by suppressing, through international cooperation, the anarchy of purchasing power . . . and keeping and increasing the liberty of production and exchange." Even those who disagree with this judgment should be grateful to him for pointing out that we here face a genuine alternative, instead of joining the ranks of those tender-minded reformers who would persuade us that we can eat our cake and have it too. Henry Clay's analysis of the industrial causes of the crisis, as opposed to the financial explanations commonly current, is a highly interesting and usefull bit of theorizing. Sir Josiah Stamp's "Financial Aftermath of War" is the required publication of a series of popular lectures delivered at Aberystwyth in 1930. They make no pretense at profundity, but constitute a clear and simple explanation, after the fact, of some of the abominable industrial results of war finance.

Professor Hansen's book, which he and his publishers have damned with an impossible though accurately descriptive title, is a legitimate occasion of pride to every person interested in American scholarship. No more solid and important work in economic theory has appeared in any country since the war. It embodies an almost incredible amount of the most diverse factual material, all ordered and arranged in such a way as to illuminate and not obscure the author's theoretical argument, which has the rare merit of being at once clear, consistent, and reasonable. It is no book for babes and sucklings, and it will not be a best-seller, like Sir Arthur Salter's; but it will have to be taken into account by every future writer who pretends to deal seriously with this crisis and with the avoidance of future crises. It is divided into four parts, dealing successively with international causes of instability, world-wide unemployment, population stabilization, and a program of increased stabilization under capitalism.

Professor Hansen is an uncompromising but intelligent advocate of the price system; that is, he favors the direction of production and distribution by individual choice acting through the medium of prices, rather than the creation of a "planned" economy. He is too clear a thinker to imagine that we can have both at once. He shows clearly how the increasing measure of social control (as, for example, our control of railroad rates) has interfered with the "normal" operation of the price system, automatically adjusting production and consumption. Recognizing the huge waste involved in economic instability and the enormous social cost of unemployment as we know it under our system, he does not go into a panic about it, as most contemporary writers do. Instead, he weighs soberly the advantages and disadvantages of what we have, and the probable gains and losses of the alternative system of control, so far as it is possible to judge them on theoretical grounds and to check the results by Russian experience up to this point. This is theoretical work of a high order, and Professor Hansen demonstrates anew the incomparable value of theoretical economic analysis as a practical tool in the hands of one who knows how to use it. One need not agree with all his conclusions in order to admire the intelligence with which his work is directed and the skill with which it is done.

Without going into details, it is enough to say that Professor Hansen, while recognizing the desirability of a larger measure of stabilization, and indeed its necessity if capitalism is to survive, is squarely of the opinion that entire stability, if it could indeed be attained, would be purchased at too great a cost. He therefore favors the effort to stabilize consumption by the use of unemployment insurance and other devices of social control, without any attempt to secure entire stability of production, which he rightly holds to be impossible under a free market, whether capitalistic or socialistic. The conflict between freedom as we know it on the one hand, and regularity and order with consequent security on the other, is one that goes to the very heart of the problem of organized society. Just at the moment the desire for security is so completely dominant that most men are in a mood to sacrifice almost everything else, if necessary, in the hope of obtaining it. At such times it is particularly important to have at least a few clear-headed thinkers like Professor Hansen, capable of pointing out the probable gains and losses involved in various proposed courses of action; for the choices before us concern not only bread and shoes and automobiles, but the unquenchable desires of the human spirit.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

# Distinguished Tedium

*The Burning Bush.* By Sigrid Undset. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CONSIDERED with "The Wild Orchid," to which it is the sequel, "The Burning Bush" must take an honored place among the world's most tedious works of fiction. Specifically, these two volumes are made up of approximately three hundred and fifty thousand words conveying information about the life of Paul Selmer, a Catholic, the son of well-to-do, liberal, divorced parents. The episodes the author selects from Paul's career for particular emphasis are his unhappy love affair with a girl of the lower classes, his religious conversion, his unhappy marriage, and the complicated troubles resulting from innocent meetings with his former mistress.

The two books are also conscious propaganda for the Catholic faith. In comparison with their other departments, the propaganda is the best part of them; that is, the propaganda *for* Catholicism is much more interesting and much more intelligently conveyed than the propaganda *against* so many other things—against liberalism, the Protestants, against communism, divorce, spiritualism. Sigrid Undset has one major objection, apparently, to everything in life which is not Catholic; her reason for objecting, by a beautiful logic, is that these things are not Catholic, and consequently they are works of the devil. She is militant; she is direct; she is willing to make her position on these matters clear if she has to repeat it on every page for eight hundred and seventy-eight pages. And so she does.

There is another little twist to the propaganda which enlivens the last two hundred thousand words—enlivens it provided you are interested in studying the ways in which propaganda is or is not effective. It is all, evidently, propaganda for the lesser evil. Paul doesn't experience any overwhelming ecstasy after his conversion. On the contrary, in "The Wild Orchid," before his conversion, he is shown as being made miserable by relatively minor unhappinesses in his life; he experiences great emotional distress and mental confusion from small sources of worry. In "The Burning Bush," after he has become a Catholic, and has what is for him a satisfactory way of judging his experiences, he undergoes greater trials without experiencing the same confusion. Prior to his conversion small doubts about his career, about his sweetheart's former lovers, about his divorced parents' relationship, are shown as having a great effect upon him, while afterwards he carries on in spite of the following difficulties: an unfaithful wife who is also completely brainless and extravagant, and who leaves him to return when

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she is with child (which turns out to be an idiot) by another man; shame visited upon his children; financial troubles of a vague sort; the reappearance of his mistress, in terrible straits; imprisonment for murder. In other words, the author implies that while Paul may have been in pretty bad shape even with his Catholicism, the imagination is threatened when it attempts to picture how he would have ended if he hadn't accepted it.

There is very little more in this long book. There were a few good character sketches in "The Wild Orchid"—that of Paul's mother was very good—but even so slight a reward for the industrious reader is omitted from the second volume. There would be no point in reviewing the book at all if it were not that it is the work of Sigrid Undset, who once won the Nobel Prize and is a distinguished writer whose name commands a certain respect from those who have never read her works. Readers who are interested in the political significance of fiction will find that Madame Undset says candidly what many other writers merely say by implication. In spite of all the information she gives about Paul, the author leaves out a good deal that one would like to know about him—she is almost prudish on the subject of his income, for example. At one point we learn that he becomes a Catholic at the same time that he becomes a successful business man, and at another point we are told that the workers in the factory he owns are on strike. No explanation is given; we are not told why the men are striking or what happens to the strike; it is a mere incidental annoyance to Paul at a time when he has other things to worry about. The tone of the various opinions offered is level and unruffled for the most part, but becomes snarling and angry when the reference is to Russia or to the French Revolution.

The weakness of the author's point of view is evident in the excessive length of these two books. They are long, not because the material demands such exhaustive treatment, but because the author repeats herself so frequently: it is as though she were conscious of the weakness of her case, and so repeats herself because she fears she will not be understood or believed.

ROBERT CANTWELL

# Shorter Notices

*Peace Broke Out.* By Heinz Liepmann. Translated from the German by Emile Burns. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.50.

The title is the best single feature of this novel of post-war Germany. Herr Liepmann has an excellent subject in the days of panic among the petit bourgeois, when the mark was falling so rapidly that the fantastic character of money, and the flimsy base of such dogmas as the virtue of thrift, became apparent to everyone. Superficially a record of the happenings of a few days among a loosely-connected group, the novel is an attempt to dramatize the intellectual and moral and economic confusion of the times. The trouble is that the author seems to share the bewilderment he describes in his characters; in its way the novel is almost as disorganized as the times with which it deals.

*Ebenezer Walks with God.* By George Baker. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Ebenezer, retired manager of a Bible Emporium in Paternoster Row, is past sixty when his childless wife, Elizabeth, of similar age, insists upon adopting their orphaned great-nephew. The baby brings dissension to the pious couple, who have never quarreled before, and finally causes Ebenezer to have a breakdown. During his recovery, through a sense of guilt, Ebenezer develops the illusion that his little nephew is really Jesus come again. He keeps a journal thereafter of "His" doings, referring to the boy, whose right name is Paul, as "J." His wife tries to have him committed to an asylum for insanity. Ebenezer leaves home, taking the boy, and settles among the poor. The rest of the story is a tender, fantastic farce concerning Ebenezer's "walks with God" and their joint adventures with Cockneys, Elizabeth, and life. The views of the rigid old Calvinist are considerably altered on such subjects as tobacco, wine-bibbing, Papism, and loose women. Mr. Baker's point seems to be that even though Paul, or "J.," is an ordinary boy, by being loved as though he were Christ he is able to show the way to a truly Christian life. This attractive idea is worked out with charm and a remarkably sure touch, though sometimes with a humor that is too conventional, particularly in the Cockney scenes. But as a whole the book is quite individual.

*There Is a Door.* By Kathleen Coyle. Paris: Edward W. Titus.

Miss Coyle's lovely prose and Mr. Titus's handsome format are the chief distinctions of this parable of life and death, the flesh and the spirit. The content of "There Is a Door" resembles too closely the worst of Maeterlinck, which might be described as the parable on all fours. Those mystics, the great religious teachers, have made use of the parable to express the essence of experience in concrete terms easily grasped by the common man. But mystifiers like Maeterlinck, and in the present instance, Miss Coyle, reverse the process, inflating the concrete until it eludes our comprehension and drifts away like smoke into nothingness.

*Odin in Fairyland.* By Olav Duun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This, the fourth volume of Olav Duun's saga of modern Norway, "The People of Juvik," is concerned with the early years of a boy whose developing character promises a revival of initiative and vigor in a family stock that has rather gone to seed. Odin is the illegitimate son of Elen (daughter of Aasel Haaberg and granddaughter of the old berserk, Anders) and Otte Setran, who also has a strain of the Juviking blood. An irresponsible ne'er-do-well, Otte had left for America before the child was born. When Odin is seven, Elen marries and places her son as herdboy for a queer couple who live by the sea at Kjelvik. There, in a world new and strange to him, he lives half in reality and half in imagination, peopling the hills with the nature spirits of folklore. In his fairyland he gradually acquires sturdy independence, learns to fight his own battles, and finds his first sweetheart. One is left with the impression that the boy has good material for manhood. In the original title, "I Eventyre," lies the suggestion both of adventure and fantasy. An allusive, abrupt style keeps the reader's mind alert, and an unobtrusive wit lurks in many an unusual turn of phrase.

*The Captive Shrew.* By Julian Huxley. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 5 shillings net.

Julian Huxley, the scientist, believes that the thought which scientific research leads one into may be very fit subject matter indeed for poetry. He says:

> As to publishing my verses, I have no apology handy: to wish to publish what one has written is just frailty which scientists share with other human organisms.

And the verses show the scientific mind turned to more emotional contemplation of the whys and wherefores of the Universe. In observing the shrew Mr. Huxley notes that

> "Life hurries without Power, and Mind,
> Cocooned in brain, is almost blind."

The subject of his lines are birds, beasts, people, love, places, thoughts. And if one cannot call Mr. Huxley a poet, one can

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feel him to be a close student of life in its many aspects. His verses are often fairly well turned, and the subject matter is likely to prove interesting.

*Thinking of Russia.* By H. H. Lewis. B. C. Hagglund, Publisher. Holt, Minnesota.

*Red Renaissance.* By H. H. Lewis. B. C. Hagglund, Publisher. Holt, Minnesota.

These two little pamphlet collections of very bad verse, show the tendency of the working-class poet to address his audience in terms they will comprehend. The author denounces the eclecticism of the modern poet and praises the *New Masses* for its attempt to print poems from poets who speak in proletarian terms. His themes are the denunciation of the capitalistic system, the praise of Russia, the rights of labor. The verses are sincere even though they may sound bombastic.

*Nationalism and Imperialism in the Hither East.* By Hans Kohn. Translated from the German by Margaret M. Green. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

Professor Kohn takes up the problem of the clash between European imperialism, embodied in the mandates commissions of England and France, and the nationalism of Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, Iraq, Trans-Jordania, and Syria where these mandates are operative and where they have sharpened national feeling. Professor Kohn shows how far imperialism has had to back down already, and makes visible by keen and close studies the ebb movement of the tide of Western expansion. His work has real distinction. It is exhaustive, scholarly, and completely objective without, however, anaesthetizing the living elements in the international situation it describes. It is written clearly and with force—a very interesting and valuable book.

*American Foreign Policy in Mexican Relations.* By James Morton Callahan. The Macmillan Company. $4.

This is a restatement of United States policies toward Mexico for the last one hundred and twelve years as seen through our official dispatches. It does not replace Rippy's "United States and Mexico" as the standard work on the subject.

# Drama

## They're Off

AT the Ethel Barrymore Theater the new dramatic season got off to a pretty good start with the production of "Here Today"—a semi-satirical and wholly irresponsible farce-comedy which has only one serious defect: namely, that it is never quite as funny as it seems, because it always seems that it ought to be funnier than it is.

No one could deny that the author, George Oppenheimer, has a very promising idea. Bring a group of chronically irrepressible wise-crackers into improbable but intimate contact with a very serious family from Boston's best circle, and one begins to smile at the very possibilities. Give them a continuous stream of flippant commentaries which does not pause even to absorb the bewildered indignation of the respectable folk, and it is impossible not to say that this is very good indeed. Yet the fact remains that one does not laugh as heartily as one feels that one should be laughing, and that one ends by concluding that the fault is not wholly one's own.

The trouble can hardly be with the direction of George S. Kaufman—even though that direction does sometimes seem to lack accent and variety. Neither, on the other hand, can the


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lack lie in a cast which is headed by the poker-faced Miss Gordon, whose solemn mien might bewilder more agile-witted persons than those who inhabit the Algonquin's idea of the one and only Back Bay. There seems, therefore, to be nothing for it except to conclude that the trouble lies somewhere in Mr. Oppenheimer's often scintillating script, and to remember once more that a collection of even the most amusing lines does not always—indeed does not ever—make the most amusing kind of play.

At any given instant "Here Today" is just exactly as funny as the line which is being said at that particular moment. Nothing works toward any climax, nothing builds upon anything else, and nothing is ever any better because of what was said before. One knows as much about the characters five minutes after the curtain has gone up as one knows about them when it is ready to descend, and that is not the way in which the most deeply, hilariously, and soul-satisfyingly funny plays are built. They must always be more than the sum of their parts, and that is exactly what this play is not. Even farce is a structure which becomes more dizzily preposterous as one unstable equilibrium is laid upon the foundation of a previous one; it is not a series of bright sparks which go out the same second that they dazzle.

Half a minute before the end of the play Mr. Oppenheimer remembers that he has a theme. The Boston girl who thought she was going to marry the most agreeable of the wise-crackers turns to him and his friends to explain why she has decided that it would not do. "You are different from me. You are here today and gone tomorrow. I want to be here tomorrow too. I want to prepare for something and plan for something. You don't." And a very good theme it is, too. If it had been borne consistently in mind it might have supplied the continuity necessary to make the play more than the brief Roman candle it is. Perhaps our author thought of it before he thought of the plot or the lines, but he kept the secret hidden from everybody else until it was too late. The play was already over before the rest of us knew that it was about anything at all.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Most of the New York reviewers gave the impression that "Ballyhoo of 1932" (Forty-Fourth Street Theater) is a distinctly third-rate revue. This reporter finds it difficult to understand why they felt that way about it, and suspects that some of them, at least, were translating moral into critical disapproval. They remarked, for example, that some of the sketches "touched a new low point in vulgarity," but anyone who has seen an Earl Carroll review, not to mention a dozen others, knows that this is simply not so. True, in one sketch the humor is mildly scatological, but the sketch really is amusing. Compared with "Of Thee I Sing" or a typical Ed Wynn show, "Ballyhoo of 1932" is not first-rate, but it is considerably above the average offering of its kind. It has humor and a generous supply of it, much of it of the type familiar to readers of *Ballyhoo* magazine; it maintains a consistently rapid pace; its chorus is unusually attractive, the dancing in it is very good, and it has more good tunes and amusing lyrics than I have heard in any similar offering in months. Among these are "Thrill Me" and "Man About Yonkers." Certainly it is superior in nearly every respect to "Smiling Faces" the musical comedy at the Shubert Theater headed by Fred and Dorothy Stone. The latter is handicapped by a really stupid book, and Fred Stone, while always amiable, is unfortunately not nearly as funny as Willie Howard. "Smiling Faces" compares well with "Ballyhoo" in the dancing, thanks to the astonishing grace and suppleness of a group called the Merriel Abbott dancers; but "Ballyhoo" is supported by the Albertina Rasch specialty dancers, and by the exceedingly graceful Gloria Gilbert.

H. H.



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